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Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

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"The Peculiar Institution."

From the Bugle.

A LETTER FROM CALVIN FAIRBANKS, THE PRISONER.

MR. EDITOR:—Please insert the following letter in your paper, which will no doubt be read with interest:

Rev. Isaac M. Wade:

KENTUCKY PRISON HOUSE, August 2d, 1846.

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 20th July, came duly to hand on the 26th instant. Sir, it was a source of unexpected pleasure, and roused the prisoner to think of what he once was, who his associates were, and what were his prospects. Once I had a long life of pleasure anticipated before me; now 'tis uncertain, (it was always uncertain.) Once I was in the bosom of my friends, but now it seems that I have none. When I advert to old scenes—those rocks and rills, the woods and templed hills, my heart with rapture thrills, like that above.

Ah! those scenes of our boyhood! when I think of them I sigh to see them again. Your father seemed like my father, your mother like my mother, your brothers and sister like my brothers and sister. I should be happy if you would write me soon again—write once every month or two. I had heard of the death of sister Harriet; and can in a few words give you my feelings on the subject. I buried all my friends when I entered this prison. I regard her death as a dispensatory providence; that God has taken his own creature from the world. He had a right to do so. I'll not complain of his dealings, nor sigh for the death or the society of my sister, especially so long as I have reason to think her soul is with God. She is happier than I am—in a better state than I am—then I'll say for her, thy will O God, be done. Remember me. I remain your brother in good bonds.

CALVIN FAIRBANKS.

I would like to follow this letter with a few lines. I am personally acquainted with Mr. Fairbanks, the prisoner. In our boyhood our parents joined farms, and we were schoolmates together. We took a deep interest in each other's welfare; but since we became men, we have been separated. After I heard that he was imprisoned in Kentucky, for the term of fifteen years, for aiding three slaves in their escape from bondage, (husband, wife, and child,) my heart was made to bleed, not only for him, but for his kind parents and friends. Their sorrows on earth are multiplied, no doubt; to live in remembrance of their imprisoned son, will bring down their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Shall we not weep with them? Shall we not remember him? Where is he? In prison! How long? Fifteen years! For what? For granting liberty to those who were in bonds! For their freedom he is now in prison, in free America! Who will dare proclaim peace and liberty, and that we are a free people, when there is no peace, and our destruction is coming like a whirlwind?

I made Mr. Fairbanks a visit last spring. He recognized me as soon as I stepped upon the threshhold of the cell in which he was at work. I conversed with him about thirty minutes, in the presence of the keeper, at the expiration of which I was informed that I must leave. During the conversation, he said, "pray for me, that I may be reconciled to my fate, and yet how can I be? I must be." He stated that he had some comfort, while teaching a Bible class of about forty pris[illegible] Sabbath. At length, placing his [illegible] (which scene I shall never forget,) grasping [illegible] in his, with strong tokens of tenderness, deep love, and affection, his eyes bathed in tears, his lips quivered, he trembled, and turning his face from me, he exclaimed, "[illegible] all of your mirthful scenes and Northern privileges, religious and moral, remember me. Farewell!" This was a sorrowful time, indeed. My heart melted within me, trembling I passed through the iron gate and went out.

I walked up from the prison, through the city, and seated myself on a summit where the people were constantly passing. From previous conversation which I had in the city, before entering the prison, with different persons, and also at this time with those who were passing, I found myself endangered by my visit to the prison. I was also informed that the people of Kentucky had agreed among themselves to assassinate Mr. Fairbanks at the expiration of his term in prison, in a shameful manner. I found it necessary for me to leave on board of the cars, which thing I did in a short time after, and fled to the next city, where I was soon pursued. Men with their dirks and other weapons, stalked about me, threatening me with immediate death! My blood seemed to chill in my veins while a villainous man placed his dirk to my breast, looked up toward heaven, exclaiming by the power of God and his throne, that he would pierce my heart, if I denied the charges preferred against me, on the subject of visiting an old comrade in State's prison, who had assisted slaves. By [illegible]ords and persuasive arguments, I escaped from the murderer, and while they were gathering by hundreds to take and lynch me, I escaped by the cars, and steered my course to Tennessee, by way of the Cumberland river.

I travelled in different parts of that State, and also South Kentucky. I visited cities, country towns, and plantations, and individuals of every rank of respectability, and also the poor slaves in their huts and hovels, who are despised, and treated as less than human. At different times I hazarded my life. I preached to the slave and also the master, enforcing their several duties and relations, which gratified the enslaved and enraged the master. Both ministers and deacons, churches and people, seemed to be set on fire of hell. I visited the poor slaves by hundreds, fifties, tens, and individually. They showed me their whipped backs, their bruised heads, their mangled limbs. They told me of their limited privileges, mocked by seminaries and institutions—how they were bound up in ignorance, bowed down and trampled upon. The moral and intellectual faculties of their immortal souls, which are capable of expansion to the glory of God and the best interests of man, the slaveholder has waged war with, and has for the present gained a victory; something like that which Egypt gained over Israel, like that of the heathen kings over Daniel and the Hebrews, like that of the patriarch children over their brother Joseph, like that which Judas and the Jews Pharisaical gained over Christ, which was only by permission. Oh! let us exercise faith which hath works, and prayer which takes no denial to the God of Israel, of Joseph, (who was sold into Slavery,) and to the God of Daniel and the Hebrews, who was able to shut the lion's mouth, and to destroy the heat of the furnace, and to raise Christ from the dead, and make him victorious and conqueror over death, hell, and the grave. We shall ere long see the travail of our souls and be satisfied: for the cries of the slave have reached the ear of God. I have heard their prayers which they offered up while they kneeled together in solid columns; oh! what fervency and earnestness! I never saw the like before. Tears gushing from their eyes in torrents, and their groanings seemed to be unutterable. To hear such prayers and exhortations from the enslaved, I was astonished. I saw just where Slavery lives; it lives upon the dearest rights of the slave naturally, morally, and religiously. All is subjugated to the lusts and pride of their masters. Indeed it was heart-rending to me to see women and children, husbands and wives, on the day of sales marching up to the block to be separated and sold. I never could witness the sales, it is shocking.

You will often see slave-women playing with children pleasantly, and suddenly their countenance will change, their eyes roll in tears, and they exclaim, "Go read upon that post you see yonder, the sale of my little ones—my husband, my tender, aged mother soon must be driven away, and I shall see them no more"! I heard several of the slaves say that smothering children and infants, to keep them from being sold, was common among slaves, which was afterwards confirmed by acknowledgments from their masters. At different times, after forming an acquaintance with the slaves, I would be surrounded by them, painfully hear their cries, and witness their tears, which are fresh in my memory unto this day. They would hold me by the hand, gather round me in large groups, with streaming tears, and exclaim with loud voices, which seem as yet to ring in my ears like deep-toned thunder, "O remember us poor slaves, whom Christ died to save; we would like to read about him, but we are forbidden! Our masters don't care for our souls, they sell us to get money to pay their ministers and missionaries, to educate their children, (except those that belong to their slave concubines,) to build railroads, steamboats, meeting-houses, and to buy wine for the communion, and most all the things in use to advance the common interests of the country! O! how can we let you go, massa, minister of God? but we must. Remember us at the North, when you arrive at home."

I find I am making my letter too long, I must cut short many other circumstances, and make an end for the present, with a few words.

My heart has been broken by the cries of the oppressed, and nothing (in that sense) but their emancipation can heal it. My voice will I lift up like a trumpet. Yes, I will wave the banner of liberty, and tell and publish, and re-publish, and expose the sins of this nation, churches, ministers, and people, until every vestige of human butchery and Slavery, the accursed system of American cherished Slavery, much-beloved goddess of this land, the Church-supported Slavery, shall be driven from the world; and especially from the churches, the professed body of Christ, if my life and health are spared. I now realize the declaration of the apostle to remember those who are in bonds as being bound with them. I will here have the audacity to state that none can be liberty men, true-hearted Abolitionists, except those who are bound with the enslaved. Yes, we must act for them as for ourselves, if we were in bonds, and were acting for ourselves in every department.

He that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hands from the taking of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil:

He shall dwell on high; his place of defence *shall be* the munitions of rocks; bread shall be given him; his waters *shall be* sure.—*Isaiah xxxiii.* 15, 16.

So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun; and, behold, the tears of *such as were* oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors *there was* power; but they had no comforter.—*Ecclesiastes iv.* 1.

ISAAC M. WADE.

Jefferson, Ashland county, Ohio.

ARREST OF NEGRO KIDNAPPERS IN CHERAW, SOUTH CAROLINA.—We learn by the proceedings of a public meeting held a few days since at Cheraw, South Carolina, that a very considerable excitement prevailed in that town and its vicinity, on the subject of the discovery of a gang of kidnappers, in the adjoining district of Marlborough, two of whom had been arrested and sent to jail for trial—one of them in the district of Chesterfield, and the other in Marlborough. A negro named Arthur had gone to Guilford, North Carolina, with two male (and a female) slaves, stolen from Mr. Irby and Mr. Dixon, of Marlborough, through the agency of these white robbers. We learn from another source that the name of the kidnapper arrested in Chesterfield is Dorsey, alias Carlisle, and the name of the one taken in Marlborough is Weatherly. Another is said to have been arrested in Darlington district. Dorsey confessed that there was a plot for stealing negroes of very extensive ramifications, reaching from Virginia to Texas, and that a *number of respectable citizens were engaged in it.* The Cheraw paper expresses the opinion that the people of that place have got upon a train to give testimony that will prove the existence of a *body* of villains as extensive and as dangerous as the notorious Murrell gang.—*Chicago Journal.*

Pro-Slavery.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The Oswego *Daily Advertiser*, from which we copy the following article, is afflicted with *colorphobia* in its most malignant form. We have not the honour of an exchange with that paper, but from the tenor of this article, it is evident that he is either a radical Democrat, or a conservative Whig—two extremes which meet in the most fanatical hatred of men of dark complexions. In every other attribute of humanity, Frederick Douglass is, no doubt, infinitely superiour to this writer, and even in colour, there can't be much difference; but as Douglass unquestionably belongs to the African race, of course there can be no harm in heaping upon him abuse, which would not be tolerated by the readers of any paper, towards anybody else—except an Abolitionist:

The slaves of the South would be very indignant at the conduct of their representative in Old England, could they be made acquainted with his tantrums. There is scarcely a darkey on a South Carolina rice plantation, or in a Louisiana sugar house, but what, amid all his degradation, would scorn the acts of Frederick Douglass. The man is lowering, in the eyes of English courtesy and intelligence, the character of our slave population, though, perhaps, ignorance, rudeness, fanaticism, and an unthinking hatred of America, may loudly cheer him on. As a runaway slave, fleeing from bondage to liberty, Mr. Douglass was entitled to, and did receive, our sympathy. And when, after he had obtained a smattering of education, we heard him speak, and read his letters, characterized though his productions were by all the bad taste, bad grammar, and bad rhetoric, incident to acquirements as superficial as his must necessarily have been, we felt disposed to admire the mental power which would so well withstand the degradation of Slavery. But if the lash of the master has not broken his mind, it has driven from his heart every high moral trait. His whole course of freedom has been a career of indelicacy, falsehood, and abuse. The little intellectual learning the schoolmaster had given him, and the elegant training which the high priests of calumny had afforded his longing spirit, were employed without stint, in the denunciation of everybody who doubted the infallibility of the oracles of Garrisonism—of everything above his comprehension—of everything usually regarded among men as high and holy, having its existence in the United States; and this denunciation was as foul and bitter as the curse of a fiend. When his race was run here; when his darkey eloquence had ceased to be a novelty, he crossed the water there to make himself a raree show—to promote the ignorance, and pander to the vilest passions of the vilest Englishmen. On his voyage, he had not simply the discourtesy, but the shameless audacity to pour out his virulence upon the heads of unoffending passengers from the quarter deck. His whole course in England has been in character. All the epithets of abuse that can be found in the vocabulary of Billingsgate, swollen by the far more extended vocabulary of Garrisonism, he has hurled upon America, and America's noblest men. Because he has shaken hands with Daniel O'Connell, and Irishmen and Englishmen have turned out, as they would turn out to see an ourang-outang, or hear the bray of a wild ass, to see of what material a runaway slave is made, and how a thick-lipped orator can talk, his conceit knows no bounds. He went into the Temperance Convention lately held at London, where were gathered men from all parts of the Saxon world, to promote the triumph of a holy cause, and there gave way to all his malignity. This shameless libel upon the Southern negro, had the American delegates before an English audience, and with that overseer spirit to which his plantation education had given birth, he used the power the opportunity afforded. He lectured the first philanthropists and divines to be found in this or any other country, upon their sins and their duties in relation to Slavery. Every insult his own heart could invent, he heaped upon them; lies worthy of the devil himself, he told of them, their country, and the civil and religious institutions they loved and honoured. The letter of the Rev. Dr. Cox, in the New-York Evangelist, shows him up to the scorn of every lover of his country, of every lover of truth, of delicacy, of every well-wisher to the negro race, of every despiser of gross meanness. We shall have his own side of the affair before long, in the shape of a letter from his pen, to the ability and fairness of which, certain Albany and New-York editors will call particular attention.

Selections.

We have spoken in another column of the death of Mr. Clarkson. The following document will be read with deep interest. We copy from the London Patriot:

LAST THOUGHTS OF THOMAS CLARKSON ON THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY.

To the Editor of the Patriot:

SIR:—On the 20th of last month, I accompanied William Lloyd Garrison and Frederick Douglass, on a visit to Mr. Clarkson, at Playford hall. He gave us a most affectionate reception. Though he was, at the time, very feeble in body, his mind evinced an extraordinary degree of activity, and a consideration of his physical weakness alone prevented us from conversing with him at much greater length.

On parting with us, he placed in the hands of Mr. Garrison and myself, the accompanying paper, saying, it contained his last and most mature thoughts on the subject of American Slavery, and especially on the subject of a dissolution of "the Union." He gave us a strict charge to make his views known, whenever we thought their publication would be useful; adding, that he hoped to send us a few more pages in the course of the following week.

In the following week, (about the 25th of Aug.) we received a note from Mr. Clarkson, saying he was "*very ill*,"—that we must consider the paper as concluded—and adding, "I think this will be the last note I shall ever write."

The present seems a suitable moment for me to say, that Mr. Clarkson expressed his entire approbation of the Anti-Slavery course of Mr. Garrison, and especially of his views respecting "No union with slaveholders," and "The dissolution of the Union."

I remain, &c.

GEORGE THOMPSON.

6 WATERLOO-PLACE, Sept. 30, 1846.

HINTS FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE IN THE EVENT OF A DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.

The dissensions between the inhabitants of the Northern and Southern States of America, which have existed so many years on the subject of negro slavery, have recently increased by the cry of "No Union with slaveholders," have now become so general, that it seems to me, that, should they spread much further, it will be impossible for the two to continue to live much longer under the same Government, without a rupture of some sort, more or less friendly. I presume, that if such a great event were to take place, it might possibly be effected by mutual agreement, and in an amicable manner. I see no reason why any serious disturbances or outrage need follow. People, in general, might keep their present houses, lands, property, trades, and occupations.—The only difference would be, that they would live under new laws. I find myself greatly interested in this subject, and I wish that I was better acquainted than I am with the internal organization and policy of the United States, that I might enter more fully into the vast field of discussion which the dissolution of the Union opens; and so be useful in recommending a peaceful separation. But I have not the requisite knowledge for an ample discussion. Still, as a few thoughts have passed in my mind on the subject, I see no reason why I should not bring them forward. Perhaps one or more new ideas may be started by them, and some of my readers may possibly be set to work to consider them, and to examine if they are true. But if they should be found to be worthless, they will be immediately rejected, and I shall only have lost my labour.

A number of American gentlemen were in London some time ago—gentlemen of high character, both for intelligence and probity. They all called upon me, and I took the opportunity of conversing with them on the subject to which these pages relate. And here I may state, at once, that much of the information which I have now to give, is derived from this quarter. The first question which I put to the parties referred to, was, whether, in case it should be determined, after a national discussion, that the Union should be continued, and Slavery with it, any of the Abolitionists would cease to reside in the United States, or whether they would go off to another country. I told them plainly, that I knew, with respect to myself, that my feelings would never allow me to live in the United States permanently, with any comfort, under such circumstances;—that I could not bear to see fugitive slaves, chained together, passing my door in their way to be returned to a cruel and enraged master; nor to hear reports, every now and then floating about, of the cruel punishment of these wretched people;—that I should be continually seeing or hearing something which would wound my feelings;—in fact, that living in a slave country would be, to take away from me the pleasure of life, if not to embitter it; and therefore, if Slavery were fixed upon, as a permanent institution in the land, no temptation which could be held out to me would be sufficient to induce me to remain in it as my place of abode. The gentlemen I have mentioned informed me, that "ideas similar to my own had existed in the minds of a few; but that there were great difficulties in the way,—such as that of removing, and of not knowing where to go for the best; but that these had of late been greatly lessened by the altered state of things. There was now a hope that the abolition of Slavery would take place in a very few years. The time was fast approaching, when the friends of liberty would be more numerous than its enemies; and then, a Government depending entirely upon popular opinion, as the American Government did, must yield. During the last few years, Anti-Slavery publications, said they, have been circulated in almost every State belonging to the Union, and have produced a wonderful change. The Anti-Slavery cause may be said, during these years, not to have walked, but to have galloped through the land. So extensive has been the agitation of this question, that there has been scarcely a house in which conversation has not taken place on the subject.

"The farmers, and other inhabitants of the interiour of the country, it appears, were ignorant of the foul misdeeds, the tyrannical and horrible conduct of Southern planters towards their slaves—deeds which were going on in their own land; but their eyes have been opened, and hatred to Slavery, more or less earnest, has been the result; and this hatred has been increasing, so that the tide has, in many parts, already been turned in favour of abolition. The planters themselves, also, in consequence of this wide-spread agitation of the subject, have been forced to consider it most attentively, as regards their own interest, and several of them have come to the conclusion, that Slavery is an unwise system compared with that of free labour, and that there must be some alteration, though they know not what to substitute in its place. Add to this, that there is an altered tone in the language of members of Congress, when speaking of Abolitionists, or whenever the subject of emancipation comes to be discussed in the Legislature. All these circumstances make us indulge the hope that the days of Slavery are numbered."

I told these gentlemen that I was highly gratified with the latter part of the information given me by them—that there were a *few good men* who had once thought of leaving the United States, in case it were resolved upon that Slavery should continue, and be made a permanent institution. But though I thought that the inhuman treatment of their oppressed fellow-citizens, and its iniquity, afforded good ground for such a thought among persons in affluence, yet a much stronger motive, I apprehended, existed with family men, to think in the same manner. This was, the difficulty of bringing up young men in a land of SLAVERY without the taint of infidelity, which would consign many souls to eternal ruin. I did not mean to say, that there was no true religion in America; I knew on the contrary that thousands who professed to be real Christians, were Christians indeed, and went as far in their practice as any people in any part of the world; but I did mean to say that Slavery had given birth to notions and opinions which led to downright atheism, and that, wherever it had spread, it had generated the most baneful notions, and that, in consequence of the constant intercourse of planters and their agents with others, the infection had spread into other States and countries, (before healthy,) though far distant from the sea of pollution, which Slavery had introduced into the Southern United States. That these baneful effects were seen first among the planters and their agents in their more cruel and wicked treatment of their slaves; which treatment recoiled upon themselves, by lowering the standard of their morals. They were seen next, in the neighbourhood of the plantations where these examples first appeared. From that time infidelity took root and grew. The very first symptom of a fatal tendency was, that the Bible account of the creation was false; that God had not created man as described there; but that there were different races of men, of which the negro race was one, and that this race was a very inferiour link in the chain of creation, approaching nearly to the brute; and, therefore, that they might consider the black man, and treat him, as one of the brute species, and class him with property, such as cattle and sheep, and even with inanimate things, such as chairs and other dead matter, and with whatever was saleable. Now all these wicked notions originated with the planters. Not that the Bible ever held out anything from which such perverse sentiments could be inferred; but because the planters, in justification of their own conduct, which they knew to be inexcusable, and being ignorant themselves, set the clergy to work, thus making them prostitute their own consciences, to show that the Scriptures had been misunderstood, and, by a perversion of texts, that the holy men, called the Patriarchs were the inventors or founders of Slavery; and that it was, therefore, an institution which met with the approbation of God. Slavery then built upon these false principles, and was patronized by the clergymen of the country. It then took a deep root, and spread, and began to be looked upon as an ordinary custom, not calling for animadversion. It originated, then, with the planters, upon this principle, and found its way into their respective neighbourhoods, and this among men who were not the holders of slaves. The fatal notion that the Bible account of the creation was false, was spread both by the planters and their agents wherever they travelled, and these made a point of defending Slavery, upon this principle, in all their intercourse with the inhabitants of the free or Northern States, and of glossing over the horrours of the slavesystem, to make it palatable. Nor was this intermarriages, and the great commercial connections, between the two classes of States. Hence, there was a great falling off in religious vitality, in, I believe, all the States of the Union; so that religion began to consist with too many people in expediency; and, I believe, that this is pretty much the state of things at the present day. Now, it may be asked, can any substantial proof, so as to admit of no contradiction, be given of their want of religious principle in that country, besides my own assertion? There can; and not from one or two solitary instances, but perhaps a thousand and more. Two or three years ago there were thousands, and many even in the more virtuous Northern States, who would not pay their legal public debts. How much, in these people, must the moral sense have been lowered and debased; not in individuals only, but in multitudes, who could brave the shame of denying their own legal obligations. All Europe came to the knowledge of these transactions, and reprobated them in almost all the coffee-houses on the continent; so that no people ever stood so low among the civilized nations of the earth; and I believe, that if Slavery should continue a few years longer, and its genuine offspring, infidelity, accompany it, as it has hitherto invariably done, I doubt whether the American people will not be put down in our maps as a semi barbarian people! Neither can the evil be corrected, but by the total abolition of Slavery. The little religion which there is in America is good; but perhaps no less than a third of the clergy have caught the contagion of the pro-slavery mania, and are not Abolitionists. Again, the laity of America, contrary to the Scriptures, have taken upon themselves a domineering despotism over the clergy, so as to have them in complete subjection. Hence the clergy must be silent, if their masters are friends of Slavery. Again, thousands and thousands have no opportunity of religious instruction, as to their duty to God and his creatures. In no country in the Christian world are there such immense tracts of land without a single pastor, or where pastors are so little encouraged, or where their stay or residence, for the purpose of reforming the people under their care, is so uncertain; every pastor being liable to be reprimanded and dismissed from his office by the heads of his congregation, with the alternative of getting into some new employ, or of starving. Add to this, that many itinerant preachers wander about the country; men of little or no education, and utterly incapable of explaining the true meaning of the Scriptures; and they are taken in as pastors, for want of a better choice, whose doctrines, however flighty, or contrary to the sober doctrines of the Gospel, are swallowed with avidity by their congregations, as the doctrines of the Christian religion.

Now, is this (a country in which the very air, if I may so say, is impregnated with infidelity and atheism) a fit country in which to bring up children in the love and fear of God, and in the reverence of the Gospel, so as to count upon their well-doing in this present life, or on their prospects in another? Will there be no contagion from the spread of such sentiments and bad examples? Who can answer for the welfare of his children in such a corrupted population? Who is the wiser man in such a state of things? The man who, seeing the pestilence around him, flies to another country; or the man who remains in it? If the welfare of children be, of all others, the object of deepest solicitude to parents, they cannot make too great a sacrifice for them. It is their duty; if they be family men, and men of fortune, to avail themselves of the means of escaping from the moral pestilence which threatens them. Hence, I think I am justified in believing that this motive for leaving their country, is a much stronger one than that at first mentioned, namely, of getting rid of the cries, and of the reports, of the cruel treatment of those held in toils and bondage.

To this the gentlemen replied, that my account of the great decline of morals in America was but too true, and that all pious men there lamented it; but that people did not like to reveal their sentiments on such a delicate subject, and that believing, as so many of them did, that Slavery was doomed to fall in no great length of time, they were silent upon it.

I then asked these gentlemen what would be the great disadvantages of dissolving the Union? Several of the present States, they replied, which belonged to the Union, would be withdrawn from it, and would either become separate free States of themselves, or form themselves into a new, free Union, for there was to be no union with slaveholders. Now it must be obvious, that a separation from such a great population as the slave States contain, would greatly diminish the strength of the Republic, as a nation: would even threaten her independence, and of course her consequence. Look at the position which she now holds. Consider the length, breadth, and width of the land, belonging to the Union, and what an immense territory presents itself on the map. Consider, again, the number of inhabitants it contains, and its whole population. This extent of country, and this population, under one Union, must forever place America among the first and most powerful nations of the earth, and she must always, while united, assume a commanding attitude. She is only vulnerable in one place, namely, where that inflammable part of her population (her slave population) is located. And here, it must be confessed, that, if ever a war should break out with any one or more powerful European nations, skilled in the art of war, as most of them are, the mischief done to her might be so great, that she would not recover herself in fifty years. But, besides this, her strength at home, her immense territory and population, give her consequence abroad. They give her a station, a representative station, at foreign courts, where she holds a dignified rank. If injustice be done to her citizens, if their rights are invaded by other countries, she can, if her cause be a just one, get redress for such injuries by means of her ambassadors. Whereas, a petty state, comprising a small territory, and a small population, might not be able to afford the expense of such envoys. The diminution, then, of the strength of the Republic, by withdrawing such a large population from the Union, as the slave States contain, is set forth as one of the great disadvantages which would accompany a dissolution. Now, what is meant by the strength of the Union? I cannot conceive (taking the word in a national sense) than that it means anything else than the capability or power of the United States to defend themselves, in case of insult or attack from any other quarter, and that she may bid defiance to the rest of the world. I am sorry for this interpretation, as it may seem to imply that I have no objection to war. I am obliged, therefore, though I detest war, as the greatest evil which ever appeared upon earth, and as utterly at variance with the principles of our religion, to meet these gentlemen on their own ground. That my interpretation of the word strength will be admitted, Captain Marryatt, who was nearly two years in America, with no other view than that of forming his own opinion of that country by actual observation, and who is almost the only writer who has done the Americans justice, considers America to be the weakest of all nations who have any pretensions to call themselves nations, as far as regards the operations of war. "If you will give her," he says, "a cause of war in which the whole nation will join with enthusiasm, no people will fight better, and there will be no stain upon their valour; but they would do but little in an ordinary cause, in which they took little or no interest. They are an excitable people, and they must be excited to carry a point."

If we were to take this subject into consideration, we should say, at first sight, that the argument of these gentlemen was a fair one, and that it might be true of any other country; but it is less so of America, for the largeness of a territory and its population, does not always constitute its strength. I will suppose one or two cases by way of illustration. Suppose that the Americans were to provoke a war from some cause or other with some of the most powerful of the European nations: what good would their immense population do them in their present state? Nearly one-half of the numerical strength of the country would be lost to them.—Twelve or thirteen, out of twenty-six, being slave States, could not spare a hand to assist. See the Report of that noble Convention of American delegates, consisting of the flower of the citizens and patriots of America, assembled from various parts of the Union at Cincinnati, June 11, 1845. "How completely," it says, "are the slaveholding States [illegible] standard of emancipation. In the Revolutionary war, according to the secret journals of Congress, South Carolina was unable to make any effectual efforts with her militia, by reason of the great proportion of citizens necessary to remain at home to pervent insurrection among the negroes, and to prevent the desertion of them to the enemy. We need not say, that if the danger of insurrection was then great, it would be tenfold greater now." We cannot help noticing, in this Report to the American public, the words, "the secret Journals of Congress." These words are of no little importance. They show that the Congress was either afraid of letting the people know the true condition of the slaves, or that they could not defend themselves at this crisis. Such, then, is the curse of Slavery on America as it relates to war. But it is of necessity a curse, as it is a bar to improvement of almost every kind. Were a bill to be brought into Congress, which was manifestly for the welfare of the people, (if there was the least tendency in it to diminish the rigour of Slavery,) it would be thrown out. But there is another inference which we may draw from what has been just remarked. Suppose the slave States, after the dissolution of the Union, were so exasperated with the free States, (considering them to have been the authors of the separation,) as to resolve to take vengeance upon them in the shape of war; or resolve upon war against them, from any other cause: dare they, or could they invade their territory, when they could not get a foot-soldier among their slaves, whom they could trust with arms in their hands? Or, if their slaves were left at home, could they spare their militia to be absent for an indefinite time? They might talk and bluster, but that is all they could do. The citizens, then, of the free States need be under no apprehension of war from the threats of the South. To talk of injuring them by the invasion of their country, is perfectly ridiculous.

Let us now look at the argument again, but in another point of view. The strength of the Union, it is said, would be impaired by the withdrawal of so many of its present States. But how vague is this assertion, after the light which has just been thrown upon the question. Are not those States, which would be withdrawn from the Union, slave States? And has it not been shown, that these States, in consequence of the vigilance necessary to be constantly exercised over the plantation slaves would be hindered from giving any effectual aid, a to military operations? The free States, therefore, would be quite as strong and powerful in case of a separation, without the slave States, as with them. What is the use of numerical strength, if it cannot be brought into action? The argument, therefore, is without value on this occasion.

But there are many other circumstances to be taken into consideration before we can admit its validity. We know nothing of the measures to be taken to bring about a separation, and much will depend upon the prudence of these for the success or failure of the scheme. I presume that the inhabitants of the North, the authors of the cry, "No union with slaveholders," would take the lead on this occasion, and conduct the change. They would at once see the folly of dividing the land of the whole Union, as it exists, into any great number of petty independent States; for such a measure would produce weakness; but of contriving, if possible, to divide it into as many Unions (several States belonging to each Union,) as would answer the ends of harmony and strength. They, the Northern States, would bring into their Union such, and such only, as were willing to join them. They would of course have communications by deputations with the leading persons of the free States for this purpose. Can there be a doubt that these, who already see the iniquity of Slavery, would join the confederacy of the North?

The Northern and other free States are at this time about equal in number to the slave States; that is, if I recollect rightly, about thirteen to thirteen. But a further addition to the strength of the North is highly probable. A majority of the inhabitants of three or four of the slave States are greatly displeased at seeing the lands cultivated by free labourers all thriving, while their own (cultivated by slaves) are going backwards; and add to this, the stings of conscience, almost bordering on despair, on account of the sin of slaveholding, which frequently compels them to emancipate by will. From one or other, or both of these causes, the population of Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, and North Carolina, might be expected to avail themselves of a law of the Constitution to demand of Congress to change their appellation, and to be registered or enrolled as free States.

Now, if a dissolution of the Union should ever take place, and if the disposition to become free instead of slave States should continue or increase, the probability is, that three or four new States would come into the new Union, which would consist of seventeen free States instead of thirteen. Will any person then, persuade me, that the vast extent of territory, larger than any potentate upon earth has, except Russia, would not be sufficiently strong to deter foreigners from attempting insult or aggression? The new Union would have quite as much strength as the old had. It would be equally respected abroad. Would not their ambassadors be received at foreign courts as before? Dare the powers of Europe refuse to receive their envoys—the representatives of lands greater in extent than the lands of France, Spain, and Portugal, put together—and yet receive representatives from petty princes of Germany, ten of whose dominions might be picked out, which, when put together would not, in point of extent of territory, exceed the single State of New-York? With or without the annexation of other States of the Union, all would be well. So much, then, for the argument of the diminution of the strength of the Republic, in consequence of the dissolution of the Union. I then asked the American gentlemen if they had any other argument to produce, or if they had said all that they meant to say. They answered, the people of America were more attached than any other people in the world to the free political institutions of their country, which nothing could induce them to part with; and some of them had a fear lest the dissolution would sweep them all away. I freely acknowledge that many of the American institutions are excellent, and greatly superiour to those in most other countries; but let not the American people run away with the notion that their legislative system is perfect, or always agreeable either to the principles of humanity, justice, or even freedom or sound policy. Can there be a fouler, or more flagitious, or bloody piece of legislation, than the laws which relate to Slavery? Can there be a more unjust and cruel nuisance to society than the continuance of Lynch law? I will not go for a further proof to those writers on America, too many of whom have not done justice to that country in their descriptions, but to sober-minded travellers, who have a due sense of the importance of character, and of being themselves just to others. Captain Marryatt and M. de Toqueville are of this description; and we glean from both, particularly the latter, who is more diffuse, that the free political institutions of America are yet far from perfect. But if we inquire into the subject further, we may find probabilities next to certainties, by which it can be proved that the people of America ought, nay, must have a better and more perfect Constitution than they have now; and that not only their free political institutions, of which they so much boast, need to be trespassed upon, but greatly improved. Can it be denied, that when the old, or rather the present Union is dissolved, the American Government must still go on, and that the new union, or unions, which succeed, it will have the power of making laws, as at present, each for the State or States which might belong to it? If, then, there should be in the present statute-book, any free political institutions, to which the people were attached on account of their excellencies, the new law-makers would be fools indeed, if they did not retain them. If, again, there were bad laws, which were in any degree injurious to the people, or which had not worked well, would they not be blotted out? Besides this, the new law-makers would have the power of searching antiquity for new laws that were good, and of introducing these and others which their own experience might suggest as useful or wanting. Thus, America might have a legislation, and free political institutions, [illegible] consider, then, the dissolution of the Union, by [illegible] among the greatest of blessings, and, in all probability, nothing but a dissolution of the Union could produce such a glorious opportunity. What other event could give America the opportunity of legislating anew, but the dissolution now in question? If this opportunity should be allowed to slip, nothing occurs, within the range of my vision, at present, that could repair it. And now having hinted at the advantages which would arise from the abolition of the old, or rather, as I said before, of the present Union. I feel myself bound to lay some of them before the American public, and they will then judge for themselves, whether they are of sufficient weight to induce them to forward this great measure.

In the first place, I may say, that the new legislators would feel themselves obliged to abolish Slavery, and all the bloody laws which relate to Slavery, in their respective Unions. This would be, nay, must be, the first fruits of their great measure; for it would be utterly inconsistent in those to retain it, who join in the cry of "no union with slaveholders."

AUGUST 18th, 1846.

THOMAS CLARKSON'S LAST MOMENTS.—The *Globe* of last night, publishes extracts from a letter to Mr. Soul, from a clergyman at Playford, containing the following interesting particulars of the last moments of this venerable philanthropist:—

He had become seriously worse during the last three weeks, and finally took to his bed on Saturday week. His strength was much enfeebled previously; but, till he was driven to his bed, he gave his mind to matters of public good. The interests and hardships of our mercantile seamen last engaged his feelings. After he was laid on his bed, I do not recollect that he entered upon external matters, but gave his mind much to prayer, and was unwilling to be interrupted in the prayerful course of his thoughts upon the future. He announced that he had made his peace with God, and addressed to a friend, before too weak, what he designed to be, I believe, a definite statement of his views upon the cardinal point of man's hopes, and his own reliance upon it for the future disposal of his soul.

On Thursday evening, Mr. Clarkson subsided into sleep or unconsciousness, during the continuance of which, he did not stir or speak. On Friday evening, he roused up, with his physical powers much reduced, so that, as he mentioned some of his attendants by name, he could not articulate his wishes for little matters to be done for his ease and comfort. He now spoke with imploring looks, and with agitated and clasped hands; he was, however, incapable of receiving or enjoying any attentions; and thus, after, I fear, some suffering, relapsed into a calm, about ten minutes before his death, and gently breathed his last about a quarter past three, on Saturday morning, in the presence of his family, save his grandson, Thomas, and myself.

It is singular, that the last letter directed to him before his departure, (or immediately after, I forget which,) was one from the Prime Minister, acknowledging his pamphlet, respecting the seamen!

This seems to realize the common expression, "dying in harness." A long letter accompanied the pamphlet, concocted in much weakness—it was his last letter.

From the London Patriot.

DEATH OF THOMAS CLARKSON.

Our present number will announce to our readers the decease of that truly illustrious philanthropist, the venerable THOMAS CLARKSON, who expired at his residence, Playford-hall, near Ipswich, on Saturday last, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. For a considerable time his bodily infirmities had been increasing upon him, so as to incapacitate him for any active exertion, but his spirit burned bright to the last, and he continued to take an undiminished interest in the great object to which, with a heroic singleness of purpose and unwearied perseverance, he had consecrated all his energies. The prolongation of his life, in honour and in the enjoyment of his faculties, to so advanced an age, seems like a special mark of Providential favour, affording a striking illustration of the declaration, "that the hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." Our venerated friend has had, indeed, to sustain the penalties of survivorship, in seeing one after another, his early coadjutors and most endeared fellow-labourers in the cause of abolition, gathered to their rest. And it might almost appear that he had outlived the Anti-Slavery cause itself. At all events, he must have felt that his work was done. His removal has taken place at a critical moment, when a totally new policy has been entered upon by Government in reference to slaveholding States, which must issue either in the

OBJECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY

consummation of the great object of his persevering exertions, or in the most cruel frustration of his fondest wishes. We know not whether his hopes or fears preponderated; but he must have felt that the tide of public opinion had set in too strongly in favour of free-trade, to allow of any availing opposition to the abolition of restrictive duties. At the same time, had his life been protracted, he would have found himself called upon to affix his name to the melancholy avowal, after the costly and laborious efforts of successive Administrations during the last forty years to suppress the inhuman traffic in slaves, "that, so long as Slavery exists, there is no reasonable prospect of the annihilation of the Slave-Trade, and of extinguishing the sale and barter of human beings." It may be so; and the venerable philanthropist may have concurred in the opinion entertained by the Anti-Slavery Society, that an armed force is both incompetent to suppress the trade, and an illegitimate mode of attempting it. We confess, that, while fully alive to the futility of the present system, we are not prepared to adopt the conclusion, that all coercive restrictions upon the African piracy ought to be abandoned. We cannot bring ourselves to wish to see the Slave-Trade legalized by the British Government, and its abolition proclaimed to all the world to have been worse than a failure. But, if it be so, it were time for the veteran philanthropists to retire from the field.

Not that we have ever imagined that Slavery could be extinguished by punishing the slave-trader, any more than the consumption of contraband articles can be stopped by punishing the smuggler.—We believe that Slavery can be destroyed only by destroying the profits of slave labour. We view without apprehension the abandonment of fiscal restrictions upon slave-labour produce: and in the West India monopoly, we think we see the approaching consummation of the object for which Clarkson laboured and Wilberforce pleaded, in association with a noble band of philanthropists, of whom but few indeed are the survivors.

Bowling for the Bible.—The proprietor of a temperance ninepin-alley, in Charleston, S. C. offers Harpers' Illustrated Bible as a prize for 300 pins. A new feature in nine-pins.

Why not? A book whose clerical expounders assure us sanctions Slavery, wine-bibbing, and choaking to death on the gallows-tree, would not seem to be much out of place as a ninepin-alley prize, if its character be rightly delineated by the American clergy.—*Bugle.*

From the London Patriot.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY LEAGUE.

Sir,—I am rejoiced that the movement on behalf of the oppressed in America is exciting inquiry. Inquiry will elicit truth; and the establishment and triumph of truth is all that is sought by the Anti-Slavery League. I make these remarks in relation to your Islington correspondent "Inquirer," who, in a short letter, makes as many gratuitous assumptions and flippant insinuations as it is possible for one to make within the same space. It is in the first place assumed, that we have "a very effective organization in the Anti-Slavery Society." "Inquirer" will no doubt be prepared to prove this position. On this point he is not an inquirer, for he has no doubt about it, and the public will expect him to make good his assertion. Meanwhile, the Anti-Slavery League will lose no time in justifying itself as a distinct organization. Then follows an inquiry, viz: "whether the League is to give its sanction to the proceedings adopted by those who act in concert with Wm. Lloyd Garrison in America?" To which I reply, that the League fully concurs in all the steps taken by the American Anti-Slavery Society, of which Mr. Garrison is President, and which includes the persons referred to by "Inquirer." The next question we take the liberty of reversing, and ask our "Inquirer," "on what principle such persons as the Tappans, Mr. Leavett, Mr. Phelps, and Mr. Arnold Buffum, form a party distinct from Mr. Garrison?" This is the logical order of the question; it being always understood that reasons for separation properly devolve upon the dissentients.

The only other point at which I shall now glance is the last sentence of "Inquirer's letters, in which he first states that he hates American Slavery. Let him give me the proof. But he adds that there are other things he hates, to say the least, quite as much. Let him name incest, hypocrisy, [illegible], woman-whipping, [illegible] what you hate "quite as much?"

I am, Sir, yours very respectfully,
R. SMITH, Secretary to the League.

1, *Guildhall Chambers* September 28, 1846.

From the Washington Union.

CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

A statement is now in a course of publication throughout the newspapers, with more or less variation, that the War Department has made a requisition for additional volunteers under the fifty thousand act. We see it in two or three of the Pennsylvania papers, in the Baltimore Clipper, &c. and in three of the New-York. It is destined, we presume, to go the rounds, at a time when such intelligence runs like wild-fire through the country.

Whether, or when, the Government will call for some volunteers, we know not, and it is possible they have not yet decided; but no such call has been made. As to Captain Thornton, who is reported in one of these papers, as being now in New-York recruiting men for the service, we know it can scarcely be so, as we had the pleasure of seeing him in this city to-day. This gallant officer comes here to ask the favour of being relieved from that service, and to be sent to the active duties of the camp.

Another paragraph is going the rounds about some remarks said to have been made in the cars by the gallant Berryman, late Lieutenant of the Truxton. It relates to an attack on Vera Cruz. We have seen it already in about twenty different papers. Lieutenant Berryman was in this city about three or four days ago, and we have no doubt has been misunderstood in the conversation alluded to.

We cannot be mistaken in stating that a vigourous prosecution of the war is the order of the day. But we will not undertake to develop the plan of the campaign. The events will duly develop themselves.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

We find in the *British Friend* an excellent article on the Evangelical Alliance, from which we take the following extract:

We have said above, that little or no positive good has resulted from this Alliance. We have subsequently thought this expression required to be somewhat qualified, as we consider it no unimportant service to have had the assertion verified, that "the American churches are the bulwarks of American Slavery." If this was once a doubtful position, it is certainly something for which we are indebted to those proceedings, that the position no longer admits of doubt. Better far for the credit of the body, collectively and individually, that the question of Slavery had never been brought up, than that it should have been tampered with as it has been. Surely it says little for British Anti-Slavery feeling, at least with the leading men in this affair, when a few Americans, one or more of them implicated in the system, had sufficient influence to put an extinguisher upon a single expression condemnatory of that misnamed "institution." But the following, from the "Nonconformist," so fully expresses our views, that we cannot better conclude than in the words of this esteemed contemporary:—

"There was something peculiarly imposing in the first aspect of the Evangelical Alliance. Brotherhood is an idea which can scarcely fail to commend itself far and wide—Christian brotherhood, especially. It was once a reality, and it excited universal admiration. May it become so again! But, assuredly, it is not a skin-deep sentiment, embodied in fair words or transient emotions, that it will command the world's reverence. If it be not the efflorescence of a vital principle, it had far better not profess to be! See what sad results have come of attempting to cultivate a lovely thing for show rather than for use! Christian brotherhood! Was not this said to be the sole object of the Evangelical Alliance—its Alpha and Omega—the spirit of which it was to be the incarnation—the beautiful truth to which it was to give outward manifestation? Was it not, in fact, to be God's Gospel in its gentlest and most winning form?—all sympathy with true disciples, wherever found, and however differing?—love falling on the neck of love, and weeping out its confessions of past unkindness? If ever human hearts should have been prepared to recognize, and to soothe, unmerited misery, surely it would be in such case. Before the eye of this Alliance passes the slave and the slaveholder, each asking a token of fellowship—the one degraded, stripped, bleeding, oppressed, with bloodshot eye, and tongue parched with agony, supplicating such interposition for his deliverance as the occasion would admit of—the other, fierce, unrelenting, self-justifying, cruel, with whip in hand, and fingers dabbled over with blood demanding unconditional recognition as a true disciple of Jesus. Who was successful? Alas! not the slave! The Alliance heeded not his wretchedness—had no words of pity or of love for him—sat not down by his side to wipe away the scalding tear of his misery, or to pour oil into the deep and smarting wounds of his soul;—no! but it looked towards the swaggering, open-mouthed slaveholder—half-condemned him—hastily withdrew the denunciation—blotted out every record which implied that it had ever entertained the question—and left the recognition of the man-stealer, as Christian, to be dealt with as each branch of its organization might see fit to determine.

"We are told that, after all, slaveholders will be excluded, and that, by a sort of circuitous shifting of responsibilities, which we would not give a fig to understand, no man possessed of slaves will be received as a member of the Evangelical Alliance. So much the worse, say we, for the character of the body which can sanction so mean an equivocation. To refuse to bear testimony against the slaveholder is bad enough for men who meet to exhibit the attractions of Christian brotherhood; but to add chicanery to cowardice, and to cheat the sinner of all the benefit he might have looked for from pusillanimous discipleship, is about the worst thing which our day has turned up. Why, what slaveholder will care about individual membership, if only the body excluding him refuses to publicly pronounce his condemnation? Is there anything so inviting in the Alliance that he will regret his personal exclusion therefrom, effected by a withdrawal of every utterance which might have shaken the system to which he is wedded? And can this be Christian love, which purposely, and after solemn deliberation, rescinds every word which might minister comfort to the slave, and boasts of having done it dextrously enough to cheat the master of his expectations?

"The Anti-Slavery League* has very properly exposed the inconsistency of these proceedings. Like a ploughshare it has gone right through the fair-looking Paradise, and turned its under soil to the light of the sun. It is denounced accordingly as heretical. Oh, yes! there is no heterodoxy excites more violence of feeling amongst the sentimentalists of the religious world, than that which goes underneath their professions, and shows them to be wanting in soundness of heart."

* This, we may mention, is a new Anti-Slavery organization, of which George Thompson is President. It has been formed, not to oppose Societies already existing; but with a special view to aid the American Anti-Slavery Society, and to keep American Slavery more prominently before the public eye. It is, we may add, in support of the said Society, that the contributions from Scotland are sent to the Boston Bazaar.

PROCLAMATION BY SILAS WRIGHT, GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK.

The year eighteen hundred and forty-six draws to a close. Its seasons have been uncommonly propitious, and its harvests are realized. Unusual health has blessed our State and country, and the teeming earth has yielded its abundance to support our necessities and minister to our comforts.

The wave of passion which, during the past year rolled over some of our counties, has subsided, and internal peace is restored to our citizens, and tranquillity to our firesides.

The most sublime spectacle connected with civil government is now exhibiting before us. The representatives of the sovereignty of our people, assembled to take in pieces and re-construct the frame-work of the State Government, have discharged the high trust and returned to their constituents, and to their private duties, without having excited passion, alarm, or apprehension in the community; and our freemen are examining their labours, and are preparing to pass a verdict of approbation or rejection upon their work, with a vigilance inspired by a pervading patriotism, and with a calmness and confidence which free institutions can alone impart. Not an individual in this State apprehends an encroachment upon his just rights, or an abridgement of his civil and religious principles, from this peaceful and voluntary revolution of his Government. Stronger evidences of high intelligence and sound morality in a people, cannot be afforded.

These, and innumerable other temporal blessings of a kindred character, constantly flowing upon our State and its citizens, call for continued thankfulness to the bountiful Giver of all things.

The Gift of a Saviour, and the full light of Divine Revelation, are spiritual blessings which should awaken to expressions of devout thankfulness the hearts and the voices of a Christian people

I respectfully recommend *Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of November next,* to be observed as a day of public Thanksgiving; that the people of the State, abstaining from their ordinary business avocations may assemble at their usual places of religious worship, and, uniting with each other, and with their fellow-citizens of many of the other States, may pay their tribute of thanks to the Author of these, and all temporal and spiritual good gifts; and may pour out their hearts in prayer to Him, that His rich smiles may be continued to our country, and that the signal blessings of this year may be crowned by the termination of the existing wars in an honourable and just peace.

In testimony whereof, I have caused the [illegible] of the State to [illegible] my hand, at the city of Albany, the nineteenth day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.

SILAS WRIGHT.

By order, Horace Moody, Private Secretary.

Communications.

Coloured Seamen—Their Character and Condition.

No. IV.

Statistics of Coloured men—Captains and Officers of Merchant and Whaling Vessels.

It is difficult, as I before observed, to ascertain the whole truth in relation to definite numbers which go to make up a fair and correct estimate of the character and condition of coloured seamen, as it regards the number of coloured men, captains and officers of whale-ships. As I have said in a former number, there is not that nice distinction in the whaling as there is in the merchant and naval services. In the former there is no barrier, no dividing line, no complexional distinction, to hedge up the cabin gangway or the quarter-deck, to prevent the intrepid, enterprising, and skillful coloured sailor from filling the same station as the white sailor, but *all* are alike eligible, and stand upon a common level. There are some redeeming traits in the characters of the owners and captains of whale-ships which would be well for the Government of the United States, and the owners of merchant-ships to imitate. On board of whale-ships the crews are generally unlettered men, or rather, a large proportion are ignorant of the rudiments of a good common school education. No one can imagine, but those who have performed a whaling voyage, the thirst the men have for mental cultivation. The forecastles are turned into schoolrooms. There you will see the *cook,* the *steward,* and two or three of the crew, under the tuition of their several teachers, busily engaged in their primary lessons; and others studying *navigation,* and taking *Lunars,* under the instructions of the captain or mates. By close application during the voyage, an unlettered man may acquire the art of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Now this is the case with a large majority of coloured men in the whaling service, that when having acquired a thorough knowledge of the art and skill in capturing whales, together with navigation and seamanship, it qualifies them to fill the offices of boatsteerers, third, second, and first mates, and sometimes captains of whaling vessels.

A fair inference from the above can be drawn to insure a correct estimate. There are more than seven hundred vessels engaged in the whale fishery, each vessel averaging one coloured officer. I have known some ships to have second mate, and three boat-steerers; others to have chief mate and two boat-steerers. There are, without exception, any quantity of coloured men constantly employed as officers out of the different whaling ports—sufficient, in my humble opinion, to warrant the following table:—

No. of captains in the State of Massachusetts,	8
" masters' mates " "	12
" captains in the State of Delaware in the merchant service,	3
" mates in the State of Delaware in the merchant service,	7
" captains in the State of Maryland, and *owner* of two vessels,	1
" captains in the State of New-York, in the merchant service,	4
" mates in the State of New-York in the merchant service,	4
" second and third mates, and boat-steerers in the whaling service,	700
Total,	739

In 1836, the brig "Rising States," owned, and entirely manned and officered by coloured men, sailed from New Bedford on a whaling voyage, and returned in 1837, partially successful, re-fitted and sailed on the second voyage, which was unfortunately interrupted by the vessel's being unseaworthy. The effort, however, gave satisfactory practical evidence of the coloured man's ability to navigate vessels to any part of the world. It is not necessary for me to refer to this as an evidence what coloured seamen can do. Facts, overwhelming facts, can be given, if required, that for thirty years coloured men more or less have been in command of vessels without any material intermission.

I am confident that sufficient justice has not been awarded to all, for the very reason that I am not in possession of all the facts in relation to this one subject; and if sufficient pains were taken to collect all the facts, what a mass of evidence we could have at hand to refute the *foul* calumnies daily heaped upon us by those whose chief study is to degrade us.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1846.

☞ We commence this week, and shall conclude next, the following admirable leading article, by Wendell Phillips, on the Constitution. It is worthy of a most attentive perusal:

Goodell on the Constitution.

It will be remarked as a somewhat singular fact that Liberty party has uniformly left all works, asserting the Anti-Slavery character of the United States Constitution, to be written by those of its members who have enjoyed, to say the least, no previous reputation for ability or prominence on legal questions. We find nothing from Birney, Sewall, or Judge Jay, on that side of the argument; and they surely are the legal lights of that party. The professional standing of Messrs. Jay and Sewall, would deservedly secure for their opinions the highest consideration. Judge Jay is well-known to have constantly maintained the usual interpretation of the slave clause; and not able to deny the constitutional obligation to return fugitive slaves, intended, we believe, had such a case ever come before him, to tear up his commission and leave the Bench. Sewall, speaking on the same point, has publicly declared that "the history of the formation of the Constitution, and a continued practice under it, for more than half a century can, in a legal point of view, leave no question as to the construction of this obnoxious clause."—Liberty Bell for 1843, p. 246. As far as we have ever heard, Mr. Birney maintains the same opinion.

We resume our examination of Mr. Goodell. The last half of his book is still more diffusively written than the first. As we confine ourselves to the main points of his argument, what we have still to say may be put into a small space. Our present article will, therefore, conclude our criticism, if these slight remarks deserve so large a name.

The next clause of the Constitution, to which Mr. Goodell applies his principles of "strict construction," is the fifth Article of the Amendments. It reads as follows:

V. No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment by a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia when in actual service in time of war or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offence to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, *nor be deprived of life, liberty, or, property, without due process of law;* nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation.

The portion on which he specially insists, we have printed in italics. His argument is, that the phrase "*due process of law,*" means "indictment by a Grand Jury, trial and conviction by a petit jury, and corresponding judgment of a court": that if a slave be a *person,* as we have contended, and included in the other clauses of the Constitution, where that term is used, then he is included in this clause, and he is not constitutionally deprived of his liberty, unless all these forms have been complied with." [illegible]

Before replying to this argument, we will remark in passing, that in order to sustain it Mr. Goodell is forced to allow the slave to be a "person," a point which, up to this page of his book, he has refused to concede.

It is very evident from the whole tenour of this Article of the Amendments that it relates generally, as Judge Story says, to *trials,* and is meant to govern the conduct of courts of justice in relation to cases arising before them. It is a forced interpretation, which applies it, as a test of laws regulating the relations and condition of citizens.

In commenting on this phrase, "due process of law," we state, in the first place, that it does not *necessarily* imply "presentment, indictment, trial, and a verdict." It includes that form of proceeding, but includes also many other forms beside; and is to be construed in each particular case, according to the subject matter to which it refers. This, Judge Story intimates in the extract Mr. Goodell has made from his work, when he says, "this clause in effect affirms the right of *trial,* according to the process and *proceedings of the common law.*"

Lord Coke, the only original authority that Mr. Goodell quotes for his interpretation, maintains the same doctrine, namely, that the phrase refers to *trials* and court action, and includes other forms of proceeding beside that of jury trial. In the very passage which Mr. Goodell relies upon, and which he has quoted incorrectly, because he has quoted at second hand, both these points are clearly intimated. The correct reading of the passage from Coke, is this. After explaining that *per legem terræ* and "due process of law," are synonymous, Coke adds, they mean that,

"No man be taken, imprisoned, or put out of his freehold, without process of the law, that is, by indictment or presentment of good and lawful men, where such deeds be done in due manner, or by *writ original of the common law.*"—2 Inst. p. 50.

Pursuing his Commentary on this clause of Magna Charta, (from which the Article in our Constitution is copied,) Coke uses the language and illustrations which we subjoin, showing how many varied forms of proceeding he included under this phrase:

"No man be taken or imprisoned, but *per legem terræ,* that is *by the common law, statute law or custom of England.*"

"The law of the land, (that is, to speak it once for all,) by due course and process of law."

"Now, here it is to be knowne, in what cases a man by the law of the land may be taken, arrested, attached, or imprisoned, in case of treason or felony, before presentment, indictment, &c. wherein it is to be understood, that process of law is two-fold, viz: By the *King's writ* or by *due proceeding* and *warrant, either in deed, or in law without writ.*"

"A commitment by lawful warrant, either in deed or in law, is accounted in law, *due process of proceeding of law, and by the law of the land,* aswell as by process, by force of the King's writ."

"In many cases a man may be, by the law of the land, taken and imprisoned by force of the King's writ upon suggestion made."

"If a soldier, after wages received or prest money taken, doth absent himself, * * there lieth a writ * * '*ad capiendum,*' (to take him)—and this is *lex terræ, by process of law.*"

"If a man had entered into religion and was professed, and, after, he departed from his house * * * against the ruler of his religion, * * upon certificate of the abbot * * a writ should be directed to the Sheriff to take the apostate and deliver him to the abbot to be whipped, or punished according to the rules of his order, and this was *lex terræ* by *process of law.*"

He gives two further examples of a layman taking forcible possession of church property, and a churchman attempting to leave the kingdom without the the King's leave—in both which cases they were restrained by simple command or writ, which was held "process of law." Numerous other examples are given, of a person who sees a felony committed being authorized to arrest and imprison the wrong-doer, &c. &c.—Coke's 2 Institute, 45, 50, to 53.

Illustrations of these principles and definitions of Lord Coke abound in the common and statute law of England and of this country.

For instance, a man publishes a libel, or trespasses on my farm, I sue him,—he is fined, and thus he is "deprived of his property," without "*any indictment by a Grand Jury,*" which is *one* of Mr. Goodell's requisites. The Sheriff reads the riot act, and if the mob refuse to disperse, orders the military to fire:—a score of persons are "deprived of life." Here is no trial by any jury, at all; still the statute and the courts declare it to be "due process of law." Gen. Jackson hangs spies in Florida, and other Generals shoot deserters;—and this is "due process of law." Commodore Slidell Mackenzie deprives half of his mutineers of "liberty," by putting them in irons, and the other half, of "life," by hanging them at the yard-arm; and this is "due process of law." Judges of Probate deprive lunatics of "liberty," by sending them to hospitals for life, and spendthrifts of their "property," by putting them under guardianship;—fathers confine children by the day or week, and put into their own pockets the wages of a man of twenty years of age.—In neither case is there any action of a jury. Still it is "due process of law." So every child born of a slave-mother, South Carolina law declares to be a slave for life. All these things are done now, and have been done, both here and in England, ever since Magna Charta was enacted, whence this phrase of "due process of law" is taken. Mr. Goodell may, to be sure, say that all these things are illegal, and inconsistent with Magna Charta. I would only remind him in reply:

1st. To take notice, then, how many things beside Slavery, his construction of the Constitution will destroy; and to consider whether it is not possible, or even *probable,* that a principle of construction may be unsound which works such havoc among our laws and usages,—which, his friend Spooner describes it, would "possibly, perhaps, *spare enough of our existing Constitutions to save the Governments from the necessity of reorganizing*"! Is it not just possible that the world has before now discovered the true meaning of Magna Charta, which is six hundred and thirty-one years old?

2d. I will remind him that if, *as he admits and states,* (p. 60,) "In order to understand the full power and significancy of this phrase, '*due process of law,*' which the writer of this Amendment took of course, from the vocabulary of our courts of justice, and from the accredited law literature of our language, we *must trace it back to its early use,* and follow it down to the present time;" then all these things are not only legal, but perfectly consistent with his magic phrase, of "due process of law"; since from the time of Magna Charta, and of Lord Coke, whose interpretation is adopted, they have all uniformly been practiced and held legal, notwithstanding then as now no person was to be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law. Six hundred years of construction, therefore, have settled it, according to Mr. Goodell's *own principle, just quoted,* that the law of riot, martial law, and probate law, though all wanting in the matter of jury trial, &c. are perfectly consistent with this clause. If Lord Coke's opinion as to what this phrase *means* is of any authority, (and it is quoted as such,) then his practice and opinion also of what is legally consistent with it are of equal authority. The phrase, therefore, does not necessarily refer to, or always include indictment, trial, and verdict, as Mr. Goodell asserts.

Let not Mr. Goodell reply that two of my examples, (those relating to martial law,) are specially excepted by the previous part of this very Article. If but one of the others given be sound, it is sufficient to illustrate my idea. But he must remember that this reply will not avail him here, since we are now, *at his request,* debating under that (absurd) principle of his, called "strict construction," which he tells us in (pages 78, 79,) "has nothing to do with the task of reconciling inconsistencies and contradictions in a written document. It can only expound its several parts by the help of its grammar, its lexicon, and the current use of the terms and phrases, according to the accredited literature within its reach. * * * * and for the plain reason that *one* provision of the Constitution is as precious in its eyes as *another,* and each must stand valid upon the independent power of its own immaculate *words and syllables!*"

It is partly to illustrate the weakness of this, his favourite principle, [illegible]

According to Lord Coke, therefore, and Judge Story, the *literal* meaning of the Latin term, *legem terræ,* (law of the land,) and of the English equivalent "due process of law," is the true meaning. A thing must be done according to law—by that process which the law points out as *due* and *appropriate* to such an act: if by statute—then by statute—if through a jury and court, then that form must be observed. And this is the whole signification of the phrase. Now slaves are made such in our Southern States by custom, having the recognized force of law, or by express statute. In their case, therefore, (if this provision referred to them, *which we deny,*) the requisitions of this clause have been fully complied with.

But even if we allow Mr. Goodell all he asks as to the meaning of this clause—his argument amounts to nothing. Grant, as he claims, that it forbids the Government to enslave any one or permit any one to be enslaved: the question still remains, *To which Government does it refer?* To the Federal Government, or to the Governments of the States? We answer, it refers to the Federal Governments and to that exclusively. The *United States Constitution* was framed to establish the *United States Government.* All its *general* provisions refer to that Government. The State Governments are rarely referred to, and when referred to are *distinctly named.* No grant of power, no prohibition affects the State Governments unless they are plainly named. Mr. Goodell's mistake on this point arises from his misunderstanding that Article which provides that "this Constitution shall be the supreme law of the land * * anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."—Art. 6th. Doubtless this is so, in all cases in which the Constitution *undertakes to prescribe.* For instance, when it forbids the States—Art. 1, sec. 10—"to make treaties, coin money, or engage in war"—these provisions are the supreme law, and all State laws and State action must give way, and are void. But when, as in the first amendment, it is provided that "*Congress* shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, * * * * * or the freedom of the press, or the right of the people to petition," &c.: this does not forbid the States to do any of these things; and the laws of any State establishing Episcopacy, or muzzling the press, would be perfectly constitutional so far as *this United States Constitution* is concerned. This certainly is self-evident. The first question, therefore, with regard to any clause of the Constitution always is, "Does it refer to and include the States?" If so, then all State laws inconsistent therewith are void: if not—then, though the Federal Government is bound by it, the States may do in regard to it as they see fit.

Now all the general provisions and prohibitions of the Federal Constitution refer, as was natural, to that Federal Government which the instrument *was expressly drafted to set up.* When it refers to *foreign* Governments, (and such are those of the States,) it names them. For instance—when it says, "No person shall be a Representative who shall not have attained the age of twenty-five years," and "No person shall be a Senator who shall not have attained to the age of thirty years," it does not refer to State Legislatures, or restrict them; but to that Senate, and that House of Representatives, which it was then creating. Again, when the Constitution says:

"Judgment, in cases of impeachment, shall not extend further than to removal from office and disqualification to hold and enjoy any office of honour, trust, or profit, under the United States."

"The privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it."

"No capitation, or other direct tax, shall be laid, unless in proportion to the census or enumeration, herein before directed to be taken."

"No money shall be drawn from the treasury but in consequence of appropriations made by law; and a regular statement and account of the receipts and expenditures of all public money shall be published from time to time."

"The trial of all crimes, except in cases of impeachment, shall be by jury;"

These provisions, general in their terms, do not include the States, but refer only to the Federal Government. No one of these directions has ever been followed by the States: and, indeed, it is perfectly possible that in some States there should be no writ of "*habeas corpus*" to which the second could apply. All this no one will dispute. If any one should, let him look at the following clause of Sec. 9, Art. 1:—

"No bill of attainder, or *ex post facto* law, shall be passed."

"No tax or duty shall be laid on articles exported from any State."

Do these include the States in their prohibition? If the objector says yes,—will he then turn to the next section, (10th,) and explain why that goes on *expressly* to enact that "no State shall pass any bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law," &c. "No State shall, without the consent of the Congress, lay any imposts, or duties on exports."

If the States were included before, why go on to prohibit them, by name, from the same things, a second time, on the same page?

In the light of the facts, let us turn to the Amendments. They begin with the words, "*Congress* shall make no, [illegible] &c. &c. they go on in general terms, like the clau[illegible] quoted. *The States are not once referred to.* Wh[illegible] the form of the sentence allows it, the United States are expressly named, as in the 7th, 10th, and 11th articles. All these circumstances show that the Federal Government alone is referred to. In conclusion, we add—

1st. As the Federal Constitution primarily relates only to the Federal Government, the burden of proof rests on any man who asserts that any other Government, as that of France, England, Massachusetts, or Carolina, is referred to: and until he shews it the natural object of the words, as applying only to the general subject of the whole instrument, is to be taken as the true one.

2d. That the Amendments restrict only the General Government, and have no relation to the States, has been uniformly held by State Courts (Pennsylvania and New-York) of the highest authority; and by the United States Bench, when there was no element of Slavery in the question at issue to warp their judgment. See 7 Peters 243., 2. Cowen 818., 3. Cowen, 686., 12 Ser. and R. 220., 8. Wendell 85., 10 Wendell 449.

The next subject Mr. Goodell touches is the unconstitutionality of Slavery in the District of Columbia, and in all the national territories—a matter on which, of course, there can be no difference of opinion between us. He then passes to those clauses of the Constitution which prohibit the States from the exercise of certain powers. Here his argument is so flimsy, and, he will pardon us for saying, so absurd, that it would be waste of time to notice it. Certainly it is mere child's play, when, after citing the clause, "No State shall grant any title of nobility," and quoting McDuffie's sentiment, "the institution of domestic Slavery supersedes the necessity of an order of nobility," he adds "that is, it is the same thing under another name!! and hence argues it to be unconstitutional!!! Or worse still, after citing "No State shall keep troops, or engage in war," he says, "the slave States are in a state of war!!" and that the "military patrols" of the city of Charleston are unconstitutional!!! Surely this is logic run mad.

(*To be Continued.*)

Horns of the Altar.

"Why do these Abolitionists torment us so with their notion, and abuse us for not turning our mighty stream into their canal? The Church nursed every mother's son of them, and set them up with all the capital they have. As soon might the flashing and tumultuous Niagara despise the peaceful current above, which gives to it all its strength and volume." This was the fine conservative and American climax of an ordination sermon once; and we can still hear that subdued rustle of respectable starch in delighted pews. A sermon always fuses in a damp sort of way for a little while, and then meekly goes out. Even among our evangelical brethren, who know so well how to give just the proper predominance to the brimstone, with a delicate shade of the charcoal,—these pro-slavery missiles have seldom gone off well. A deal of smoke sometimes, and an aroma with almost as much body as the "odour of liberty" about the Whigs, which Daniel Webster loves to "inhale" so well, is the only effect of which an Abolitionist is conscious.

The aforesaid sermon has tranquilly met its last moment long ago, and can no longer be suspected of vitality. We may be pardoned for lingering awhile with antiquarian fondness over its "remains" as the mental legacy of many a man is sometimes so aptly denominated.

Did not the preacher broach a fatal dilemma? To think of a man compromising himself and his pet theory by such a statement! We will not help your Anti-Slavery movement, because our preaching is anteriour to all movements, and originates them: and when you denounce us for our apathy towards your special object, you are cursing your own mother. Precisely so: for that confession convicts the unnatural mother of disclai[illegible] her own offspring. We take it for granted here, th[illegible] the Church does originate reformatory movements. It [illegible] true in one sense, and false in another: true, becau[illegible] the average Christianity of any age is the previous condition of the special application of it; but false, because the Church denounces the special application, and is content with the average Christianity. And to give point to that denunciation, she claims as her offspring, the movement which in the same breath, she disinherits. We call this a dilemma.

Then we have two points to make against such a theory. In the first place, if the Anti-Slavery idea is genuine Christianity—and this the Church confesses by assuming that it resulted from her latent modicum of life—why does the Church disown it? Why does she abuse her own child, and hunt it like a vagabond, dependent upon the precarious charity of strangers? Why leave "the bantling on the rocks," to grow lusty and dangerous upon the wild food of the ravens, to get nerve and fire out of the celestial manna, till he re-appears a clear and ruddy prophet, knocking ominously at the genteel gates of Zion, and flouting the nervous old grandam who bids him begone out of her loop-hole in the turret? It is the same old tragedy adapted to a modern taste. Christ sits weeping over the temple of his Father, where he once sat listening and asking questions, because its menials stone him and the prophets, and make their own house desolate, by shutting its gates against the truth.

The Church thinks too lightly of the oath she takes when the clear drops of baptism touch the brow of the future reformer. She binds herself to teach him all the sanctity of Christian truth; to cherish, even to anticipate, the utmost longing of prophetic youth; to reveal with clear, uncompromising spirit all the objects of a religion whose first voice was for reform. What is the purpose of this whole system of worship which professes to unite instruction with devotion, if it gives no object to the impulse it excites, if it dreads to carry out with loyalty and courage, the principles it is so fortunate to possess? It is no wonder that the man whose character was moulded, and whose youth received its impulse, within those walls which seemed to him then so sacred, should dash off with indignation that baptism, as he turns away from a voice which has belied the promise of its hand, and which derides the sanctity of those principles it nevertheless assumes to have imparted! What is an abstract, non-committal Church to a man who has made that journey to Damascus, and heard the voice of his God? With that vision still dazzling his eyes, and that voice still thrilling in his heart, can he bear to hear the cool assertion that the truant to Damascus has forfeited his seat at Church? Truly a quiet seat at the feet of such Gamaliels is well exchanged for the peril of that journey through the splendour of such a vision.

Never was a more foolish simile concocted than that one about Niagara. Instead of representing by contrast the conservative position of the Church as the fount of all movements, it really represents the position of the true Church originating and supporting all reforms.—Every drop that makes the headlong leap just glided down in the smooth current above it. It has only continued its direction. Does the momentary pause before it turns the edge, illustrate the recession of a movement from its source and the difference between a reform and its impulse? Not so, unless the same volume which makes the river refuses to make the cataract itself. The true Church carries its own principles out to their ultimates. There is no break between its doctrines and its action; the latter is not merely suggested by the former, while the Church pronounces a divorce between the two. If the Church is good enough to suggest, even mediately, a movement then the movement is good enough to be supported by the Church: and if the latter objects to the mode of operation, then so much the more reason why she should try her method, and preserve in health that to which she pretends first to have given life.

But we make another point against this theory. It is true that the average Christianity of any age is the condition of all reforms. We cannot imagine an Anti-Slavery movement in Texas. But it is not true that because the Church keeps alive the average Christianity, she therefore originates reforms. The secret lies with him who discovers the direction, and makes the application of a principle: but this which would seem to be the object of an organization styling itself the Church is always done by individuals beyond its pale. The two principles of love and freedom have been held by the Church, with more or less clearness, ever since the time of Christ; pulpits have thundered forth eloquent periods in favour of either, congregations in a flutter of delight have lingered in vestibules to flatter the preacher and exchange congratulations, and libraries of sermons, Alexandrine both in bulk and length, have been published by request: but it has always happened that the "half-battles" of some Paul's or Luther's speech have applied and demonstrated these principles too ponderous for the Church to wield. Why is there a periodical reformation? Because the Church subsides into her position of refined neutrality, and deprecates the special movements which are only necessitated by her apathy. If she continually widened the horizon of her vision, and embraced at every moment every possible application of her truths, then she would include the movements and the men, who now oppose her because they cannot bear to have their vista measured by some church's aisle.

It is not sufficient to say that Christ uttered no word against the Slavery of Rome, but only announced the general principle of freedom: because the uniform testimony of history is in favour of special applications of his principles to the current life. Not an inch of vantage has been won in this great struggle of many centuries, except by doing the reverse of that which is ascribed to him. Is the hardly bought experience of the race, and the providential growth we have attained, to be set aside in favour of a theory of Christ's method, whose best refutation is the practice of all true disciples ever since? Not even evangelic ignorance is profound enough to assert that the Christian culture of the nineteenth century has been elaborated by illicit and unchristian means.—For the progress of all those great reforms which have brought us virtue, cannot be confounded with the perpetration of those crimes which have, through Providence, sustained the general order. Then the best answer to the Church's neutral theory, is the position of this present age, which she weakly shrinks from, and which we assume. It is the costly inheritance from struggles like our own. Even while she utters her expostulations, and raises her unnatural hand to sever filial ties, the blood which pulses in her veins belonged to martyrs and reformers, and her position was won for her by the special movements of the former times.—J. W.

An Interesting and Important Fugitive—Slave Case

On Monday morning, of last week, a coloured man by the name of Lewis, gave information, at this office, that the brig Mobile, Captain Buckley, from Savannah, had on board a coloured man, who was supposed to be a slave; that he was not allowed to leave the vessel, and that the mate had been seen to beat him, probably to prevent his doing so; that his cries had attracted the attention of several persons in the neighbourhood, to some of whom the man had declared himself to be a slave.

On the reception of this intelligence, Elias Smith,—who is connected with this office—immediately procured from Judge Edmonds, a writ of *habeas corpus,* and with an officer proceeded to the Mobile. She had hauled into the stream, for the purpose, apparently, of guarding against any interference. Mr. Smith, however, and the officer immediately boarded her, and demanded the fugitive by virtue of the writ. The Captain demurred, and asked for time to send to the owners. This was not granted, and he became abusive. But abuse was equally in vain. Mr. Smith quietly but firmly insisted that the officer should do his duty and the fugitive be delivered into his custody. After a good deal of altercation the poor fellow was brought from the cabin and taken on shore. He bore upon his face and person, evident marks of [illegible] to which he had been subjected, and of [illegible]stance he had made before the officers of [illegible]," had succeeded in confining him in [illegible] which were found upon him.

According to the statement of Captain Buckley, this person, George Kirk, concealed himself on board the brig "Mobile," at Savannah, and was not discovered till several days after she sailed from that port for New-York. She was then too far upon her voyage to return. He acknowledged himself to be the slave of Mr. Chapman, of Bryan, Ga. who had hired him to a Mr. Warren, a stable-keeper in Savannah, in whose service he was when he concealed himself on board the "Mobile," in the hope of reaching New-York, and gaining his freedom. It was the purpose of Captain Buckley, to confine and conceal him till the brig returned, or some other opportunity offered by which he could return him to Savannah. This outrageous and inhuman purpose would, no doubt, have been successful, but for the vigilance of Mr. Lewis and the promptness and energy of Mr. Smith.

The case came before the Court of Oyer and Terminer, Mr. N. B. Blunt, appearing in behalf of Captain Buckley, and Mr. Horace Dresser in behalf of the fugitive. It might, we think, have been settled at once, and George discharged by a motion to that effect, 1st. On the ground that there was no evidence of his being a slave, and 2d, that if he were, there was no legal claimant. But this motion Mr. Dresser neglected to make. Repeated and unavoidable postponements of the case were made till Monday—and in the meantime, those persons who had it in charge, not satisfied that Mr. Dresser would manage the case as it should be—retained as counsel in his stead, Messrs. John Jay, and T. L. White. The former is well known to our readers, and the latter, though only recently a resident of New-York, is one of the most distinguished members of its Bar.

On Saturday, however, a circumstance occurred, a recital of which we should be glad to be spared. Although the case was already in the hands of most competent counsel, and everything had been done to bring it to a successful termination, at the instance of Mr. Dresser a new writ was issued. This uncalled-for interference could only serve to create confusion if nothing worse came of it. It was generally understood that the case would not come on till Monday. The coloured people, however, who were, of course, deeply interested and very watchful, observing, during the forenoon of Saturday, that George was taken backward and forward from prison to Court-House, and Court-House to prison under this new writ, and learning that some difficulty had occurred, which they did not understand, and fearing that the right of the fugitive to his freedom was about to be compromised, gathered in great numbers in the Park and attempted a rescue. The attempt was ill-concerted and feeble, for many of them were dispersed when the facts were explained to them by I. T. Hopper and others. It was of consequence enough, however, to create a good deal of unfortunate excitement against themselves and the cause, and several of them were arrested and lodged in jail. And all this was clearly the result of the unwarrantable and unpardonable interference of Mr. Dresser under the new writ.

On Monday morning, however, the case came fairly before the court, under the writ first issued. The court-room itself, and the passages leading to it, were crowded

with people of all complexions and classes, and of both sexes. The City Hall was surrounded by hundreds of people, chiefly coloured, who awaited in deep anxiety through the whole day, the decision of the court. George himself was not brought into the court-room from a fear, we presume, of a recurrence of the scenes of Saturday.

The case was opened by Mr. Jay, in a very clear and forcible speech, replete with legal knowledge, showing a perfect apprehension of the strong points of the case. He was followed by the slave-catchers' lawyer—a title he has well earned in this and former cases—Mr. Blunt. The less that is said of his speech, the better for his character as a lawyer and a man. If he failed in making a good argument it was not apparently from any consciousness that what talents he may have, were prostituted to a bad cause. Mr. White closed in one of the most eloquent, logical, and, in every respect, most powerful speeches we ever listened to in a court of justice, or indeed anywhere. At its close an involuntary burst of applause came from the audience, prompted by the gratification felt at an effort which must settle the decision of the court, as well as by the almost universal sympathy felt for the slave. The disturbance, however, was promptly suppressed by Judge Edmonds, and one of the persons whose zeal had thus outrun his discretion was arrested.—Of the speeches of counsel, we have no room, even had we time, at this late hour, before going to press, to give any sketch. We shall next week, give at least the main points of their arguments.

Judge Edmonds gave the decision of the court on Tuesday morning, which discharged him from the custody of the Captain. George was brought into court to hear the decision, and hardly left the court-room when officers arrived with a new process, to take him before the Mayor, under an infamous law of New-York, by which a right is given to the Captain to seize and return any fugitive who may be found on board his vessel, on an order of the Mayor or Recorder. George was out of the building but a moment before the officers were in pursuit of him, and was taken amid the shouts of an excited multitude, to a place of concealment.

We have written this article as the facts have occurred, hoping that we might announce a favourable result. We have delayed till the last moment, and are now compelled to go to press before the case is finally settled. George is now—Wednesday morning—in the Tombs. He was taken yesterday from a box in which he had been placed to effect his escape. But mark how this was done. *The Mayor of this city gave the authority, not by law,* BUT BY THE INFLUENCE OF HIS OFFICE, *to the* CHIEF OF POLICE, *who delegated every one of the* NINE HUNDRED POLICE *to capture this poor boy, who had been declared, within six hours, by the law of the land, a* FREEMAN!!! The Captain offered a reward of fifty dollars, and instigated by this paltry sum, and *authorized by the Chief of Police,* the whole police force of the city became slave-hunters! Under a new writ of *habeas corpus*, the case again came before Judge Edmonds, this morning, but what the result may be, it is impossible to tell. Everything that can be, is done by the opposite counsel to create delay. The whole city is in intense excitement, and it will be difficult to remove him as a slave.

S. C. Phillips and J. K. Pearson.

Mr. Phillips has written a long and excellent letter to the Boston Courier in reply to Mr. Pearson, whose disgraceful letter we published last week. In the present crowded state of our columns we can only give the closing paragraph of Mr. Phillips's letter:—

Mr. Pearson proposes that I should meet him "on 'Change," that he may "take the voice of those assembled," and determine the proportion of his supporters. The proposal is an absurd one. This case is not to be settled in an half hour upon "'Change." The question does not lie in so narrow a compass as Mr. Pearson's wishes may lead him to suppose. It is a broad and deep question; and, in all its breadth and depth, it must await the action and re-action of an enlightened and virtuous public opinion. When all that is properly included in the case shall be seen as belonging to it—when all the circumstances can be reviewed with a discriminating scrutiny—when the law of Massachusetts shall be as well understood as that of Louisiana—when the proceedings at Faneuil Hall shall have been more fairly criticised, and, on the other side, the letters of Captain Hannum and Mr. Pearson, shedding so much light on the details and the character of the transaction, shall have attracted all the notice to which they are entitled—when the political rights and duties of citizens of Massachusetts, *as such*, shall have been inquired into, and shall be ascertained—when, after the excitement of the moment has passed, reason shall have subdued passion, and, in the succeeding calm, the still, small voice of conscience may be listened to, so that every merchant can, and must decide, *for himself*, the moral question, which underlies all the other questions in the case, *then*, and not till then, will it be the proper season for Mr. Pearson to "take the voice" of all good and true men, and to abide their verdict. Then, a year hence, or any time afterward, let him call a public meeting to receive and register this verdict.

In declining to join issue with Mr. Pearson in his appeal to the merchants of Boston, I cannot be supposed wanting in respect for them. I respect them too highly, to associate myself with Mr. Pearson in submitting to them a question involving a doubt of their obedience to the laws, and of their moral rectitude. I have too much self-respect, also, to deem it necessary to apply to any of them to endorse my principles. Such of them as choose may be endorsers for Mr. Pearson, but it becomes them to consider that their liability will be peculiar, inasmuch as, in such a case, the principal can furnish no security that will save them from the loss—*of character*—to which he may subject them.

S. C. PHILLIPS.

SALEM, Oct. 17, 1846.

Thomas Clarkson.

The English papers received by the Caledonia bring us the intelligence of the death of this venerable man. He died at his seat, Playford-hall, on the 25th of September, in the 87th year of his age. His remains lie with the most honoured of England's dead, in Westminster Abbey.

It is the lot of few men who, like him, have advocated great but hated truths, to live long enough to see them become the faith of a nation. Still less common is it, perhaps, for one who in early life advocates a partial truth, to receive it, as he grows older, in all its fullness, and accept at the very close of his days its most stringent and universal application. More than half a century ago, Clarkson joined with a few choice and noble spirits in efforts to mitigate the horrours of the African Slave-Trade. He was among the first in the work of procuring its entire suppression. Not satisfied with partial success in the great aim of his life, he witnessed the triumphant termination of his labours in the abolition of African Slavery throughout the possessions of Great Britain. Even then he did not rest, but almost the last act of his long, and arduous, and noble life, was an effort to assist in another continent by a new and more strict application of principle, the Anti-Slavery cause. Untiring and uncompromising from his earliest youth to extreme age, he has been ever ready to meet every emergency, and carry to its utmost limits the truth he advocated.

"Touch'd by what spirit, by what impulse wrought,
Did Clarkson mourn in solitary thought?
Youth's buoyant spirit languished in his frame,
He turned from pleasure and grew cold to fame:
But not in moody loneliness he pin'd,
For fortune treach'rous, or for friends unkind;
His manly soul disdain'd the selfish care,
And grieved for wrongs he was not doom'd to share.
The exile's pangs his tedious days opprest,
The captive's cries perturb'd his nightly rest,
And oft from social scenes, he rush'd to scan
The laws of fate, and ask if such were man.
Oh! warm'd by charity—the angel guest,
Of all man's heavenly ministrants the best;
(Unhail'd or unreveal'd in ages past,
Of all the virtues loveliest and last:)
By love inspir'd to take the suppliant's place,
To live unbless'd for Afric's injur'd race;
By her sustain'd through years of dull delay,
Patient and firm he kept his dubious way,
Nor left the charge that prudence bade him shun,
Till Slavery fell; the bloodless fight was won."

But his name is his best epitaph. Millions bless his memory, and millions yet unborn shall learn to bless and praise him.

☞ We hear that Mr. Garrison intended to leave England in the steamer of the 19th of October.

The Church, South.

We find in the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, a letter which is a pretty good index to the character of the Church, South. We are sorry for its writer, Mr. Gray, that he should have been the subject of mobocratic violence, notwithstanding we have in common with many other Abolitionists been exposed, under the teachings—or rather want of teaching—of his own, and other churches, North, to much greater outrages than having our "hair pulled," or even being "choked considerably." To the *choking* especially in various ways, we have become somewhat used. But for the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, also, we have some sympathy. It is very hard that after having tried so much to please the South, its emissaries should be treated with such indignity. We copy the letter:

LETTER FROM THE REV. MR. GRAY.

DEAR DR. BOND:—The following is a brief account of the doings of the mob on the 12th and 13th of July last. On Saturday, July 11th, I met with a gentleman from the neighborhood of Salem,* who told me that there would be some difficulty at that place on Sabbath. When I went to Salem on Sabbath morning I saw there was more than a usual number of horses and carriages around the Church. When I came up to the Church, some of the members came to me, and told me that they expected there would be some difficulty. I went into the Church, where other of the brethren told me that they expected some disturbance, and added that they thought it best for them not to interfere in case they did not offer me any serious injury; to which I agreed.

The Sabbath School closed, and I went into the pulpit to commence the public services. While looking for the lesson I intended to read, the mob entered the Church. The foremost of the mob came up within a short distance of the pulpit, and addressed me in language to this import: "Mr. Gray, we command you to submit the pulpit." I answered, "I cannot do it, Sir." Several of them came near the pulpit. I asked them for their authority for such a course of conduct, but they showed me none. Several of the brethren entered into conversation with them on the impropriety of their conduct, telling them they were violating the laws of the State. But they said they "did not regard the law." I asked them what I had done to deserve such treatment; but all they would say was, "You are a Northern man, and we do not intend to let a Northern preacher preach here." After they had been in the Church some time, one said, "Well, if I had been foreman of the committee I would have had hold of him long ago." One of them then came into the pulpit and took hold of my arm, while some cried, "Pull him over the top of the pulpit." Several of them reached over the pulpit, but could not get hold of me. While the one in the pulpit had me by the arm, another got upon a bench, and reaching over, caught me by the coat and cravat, and choked me considerably, also pulled my hair. Two or three others came into the pulpit and forced me out of it. They then let me go, and asked if I was not going out of the Church. I told them I was not. They then seized hold of me again, and forced me out of the Church. During this struggle they tore my coat. After I had gone to my carriage they came to me and told me not to come back, or the consequences would be serious. On Monday I went to Eastville, where the court of Northampton county was in session, in order to seek redress; but while I was in the court house I was met by the mob, and told that I must leave Eastville in fifteen minutes. I intimated that it was a short time for me to get my horse and carriage; so they gave me an hour. But I was off in less than twenty minutes. They told me at the time I must leave the county. So I have been driven away without redress or protection. These are briefly the circumstances as they occurred. If you see proper you may publish them, signed by my proper name.

VALENTINE GRAY.

* Salem, we think, lies between the two societies which seceded, and joined the Church, South. Between these two societies and the boundary of the nearest conference of the M. E. Church, South—namely, the Virginia Conference—lies the Chesapeake Bay, some thirty-five miles wide at this part of it. If these societies were "border societies," then our Church in Nantucket is a border station; for it is separated from the Virginia Conference by water *only*.—ED.

Suspension of "The True American."

The True American of the 21st instant, contains the following announcement:

THE TRUE AMERICAN.

We have to announce the discontinuance of the TRUE AMERICAN. Orders have been received from C. M. Clay's Attorney, to let it cease with the present number.

The necessity assigned for taking this step is pecuniary. Mr. Clay's Attorney does not feel willing to meet the regular expenditures of the paper. Its discontinuance, therefore, is deemed indispensable by him.

We (and we speak solely on *our own* authority) regard this discontinuance as merely a suspension, and express our firm conviction that a paper will be established in its place in Kentucky, *permanently*, in a few weeks.

The Value of the Union.—Mr. Brinckerhoof, a Democratic member of Congress from Ohio, tells the following good story in a note to a letter to his constituents. Mr. Grover, one of the parties in the conversation, is also a distinguished Democratic Congressman from this State:

Directly after the vote upon the amendment of Mr. Wilmot to the two million bill, Mr. W. of South Carolina, came to Mr. G. of New-York, and began to talk about a dissolution of the Union. By the by, this cry of a *dissolution of the Union*, by the South, has long ceased to be even a respectable bugbear. In reply, Mr. G. said—"I am now discharging the duties of the first office I ever held; and I shall endeavour to discharge them conscientiously—*at least to be as honest as the times will admit*—whatever be the consequences. Now, I do not profess to be a very sharp-sighted man, but I can see some things, and from what I have seen here and elsewhere, I have come to the conclusion that the *Union is of a d——d sight more importance to you, than you are to the Union.*" Mr. W. left.

☞ The editor of the *Anti-Slavery Standard* calls our City Items "unmitigated and vapid silliness." This must be a mistake, as we are not aware of ever having stolen anything from the *Standard*.—*Tribune, City Items.*

The "City Items" man never penned a paragraph more pointless than the above. We quote it as a case in point. Had there been in it a dash of silvery moonlight—a sprinkling of ineffable sunshine—a glimpse at Fairydom—a delicious dream of ecstatic bliss—some exhalations of the beautiful—and a few expletives of the wonderfullest, the beautifullest, and most angelical, it would have been complete.

☞ The *Pittsburgh Mystery* publishes as original, the lines to Cassius M. Clay, written for this paper, and published some weeks since. We presume it was inadvertent on the part of the editor of that paper, but he should either have correspondents in whom he can put more faith, or else read his exchanges more attentively.

DEATH OF MR. KIRKLAND.—We regret to announce the death of Mr. William Kirkland, of this city. He was drowned in the Hudson river—having, it is supposed, missed his footing in stepping from the wharf to the steamboat, at Newburgh. He, and Mrs. Kirkland,—well known as "Mary Clavers,"—were about to commence a new Unitarian paper in this city.

We observe by a recent Report of a Committee appointed by a Liberty Party Convention, held at Chicago, in June last, that it is contemplated to establish a Liberty party paper at Washington, with Dr. Baily, of the Philanthropist, as editor, and A. A. Phelps and J. G. Whittier, as assistant editors.

ERRATA.—We make the following corrections in Mr. Child's article on "the War," at his request:

1st part,	1st column,	for	"Treasury,"	read	*treasure.*
"	2d	"	"Bazos,"	"	*Brazos.*
"	"	"	"Neckes,"	"	*Neches.*
"	3d	"	"slave,"	"	*same.*
2d "	2d	"	"1840,"	"	1844.
	5th	"	"fostering,"	"	hiring.

From our Correspondent.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 23, 1846.

FRIEND GAY:—The elections of this State are over, and if you have taken sufficient interest in them to examine the political papers, you have ere this learned the result.

To a few here, who have steadily watched everything like progress, the recent elections have been of interest. Not from any party advantage gained, but from the evidence of the quiet working of the leaven that has been diffused through our State. Claggett, who made himself notorious in the Legislature last winter, by offering a bill to suppress the Saturday Visiter; Hook, who seconded him, and Reeder, who offered a bill to *sell the free blacks* to pay the State debt, have all been defeated in their respective districts. We don't attribute this to any Anti-Slavery feeling existing in these counties, but from a matter of policy on the part of the slaveholders to avoid everything like discussion on the subject. They know their only hope is in keeping the subject in the dark—by smothering everything like an agitation as soon as it makes its appearance, and thus shroud their accursed system in the thick darkness of ignorance.

We consider it a gain, that these men should have to resort to this, as a matter of policy. In the lower counties, where these men were from, Slavery exists in as horrible a form, as in any part of the South, while in the upper counties, next to Pennsylvania, Slavery exists in a very mild form; and there is a growing spirit there in opposition to Slavery, a spirit that must be heard. Mr. Ege, from one of the upper counties, who stood up so nobly for the freedom of the Press last winter, in opposition to Claggett's bill, has been re-elected by a very large majority; and we flatter ourselves that his liberal views had much to do in his election. It does not take much of a prophet to foretel, that there will in a very short time, be the same scenes enacted in Maryland, that are being enacted in the United States at present, and the Maryland slaveholders will have enough to do to attend to *Maryland Abolitionists*, without troubling themselves about "Northern Abolitionists."

Another mark of progress is in the recent change in the "Western Continent," the paper you will remember that Park Benjamin started in this city not a year since, and left it, and returned back to "free niggerdom" again, because his renegadism and pandering pro-slavery writing, failed to call a sufficient number of the chivalrous Southerners to his support. Mr. W. H. Carpenter, of this city, has recently become joint conductor of this paper. Mr. Carpenter is a decided Anti-Slavery man, and in his connection is surrounded by an anti-slavery feeling, having married into a Quaker family. The Continent certainly can be no longer a pro-slavery paper, unless Mr. Carpenter renounces his heretofore openly-avowed sentiments. These rays of light are truly cheering to the few pioneers who have long been looking for the dawn of truth. Heaven speed the broad light of day, with its dazzling radiance of truth, that shall dispel every vestige of the darkness of errour from our land.

Yours, for the cause, N.

Notes on New Books.

Etchings of a Whaling Cruise. By J. Ross Browne. Harper & Brothers: 1846.

Mr. Browne is one of a very numerous class, much more numerous than is generally suspected by those who have had no opportunities of knowing how many well-educated young men, in a spirit of adventure, leave their homes and embark in our freighting and whaling ships, to see the world and advance their fortunes. He made a voyage, or rather a part of one, in a New Bedford whaler, which he left at Zanzinbar, where he resided some months, worked his way home again in another ship, and is at present, we believe, private secretary to Mr. Secretary Walker. His book is large, elegantly printed, and copiously illustrated with steel and wood engravings. Its great merit consists in the simplicity of the style, and the perfectly candid and truthful delineations of the narratives, rather than in any novelty of adventure which befel him. It is a profitable book for all classes to read, but particularly for statesmen and boys; the first, that they may learn the gross wrongs which sailors suffer at the hands of their officers, owing to the power with which the law clothes the petty tyrant of the quarter-deck; and the latter, that they may learn to correct the seductive delusions of Robinson Crusoe and Captain Cook. Perhaps the better way with sea-struck boys would be to put them on the roof of the house some rainy night when the wind is high, and after keeping them there five or six hours, call them down the scuttle, heap a volley of curses and hard names upon them, give them a kick, and send them back, to remain until daylight, when they should be allowed to breakfast on hard bread and cold water. As for the statesmen we know of no cure for their errours, we only wish we did.

The Water-Cure in Chronic Disease; an Exposition of the causes, progress, and termination of various chronic diseases of the digestive organs, &c. and of their treatment by water and other hygienic means. By James Gully, M. D. New-York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846.

"He told the hidden power of Springs,
And disease drank and slept"

Says Shelley, with a prophetic voice. Dr. Gully is well known as the hydropathic practitioner of Malvern, the establishment where Bulwer first experienced the pleasures of a wet blanket. His work is the most important one, we believe, that has yet been published on the subject of the water-cure. He treats it scientifically, and without the least particle of the romantic enthusiasm which has characterized nearly every book on the subject that we have seen. He is very far from considering water a specific in all diseases, and by his moderation, clearness of style, and learning, will gain many converts to his practice who could never have been influenced by the ordinary practitioner of the system. The book is very handsomely printed on fine paper, and will prove a real acquisition to the valetudinarian and the student of the Art of Health.

Mrs. Southey's Poems. New-York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846.

These poems, and a few from essays, are published as Mrs. Southey's, but they were written by Caroline Bowles, and many of them will be familiar to some of our readers. The largest poem, the British Day, we believe, has never before been published in this country. It is the best of her productions, and gives her the best title to the designation of a poet. But even that hardly entitles her to that sacred name. But if she is not a poet she is a very agreeable and instructive writer, and her poems deserve a place among the books which are books.—B.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* The Little Grave; An Emigrant's Blessing; The Press. *Miscellany:* Rosenglory; "Inward Sight;" Slaves in Ancient Times; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Peculiar Institution:* A Letter from Calvin Fairbanks, the Prisoner; Arrest of Negro Kidnappers in Cheraw, S. C. *Pro-Slavery:* Frederick Douglass. *Selections:* Last Thoughts of Thomas Clarkson on the Subject of Slavery; Thomas Clarkson's Last Moments; Death of Thomas Clarkson.

SECOND PAGE.—Bowling for the Bible; Anti-Slavery League; The Evangelical Alliance; Proclamation, &c. *Communications:* Coloured Seamen—Their Character and Condition.

Died,

In this city, 17th instant, DEBORAH P. daughter of Warren Delano, Esq. of Fairhaven, Mass.

At Macao, China, on the 30th of June last, SUSAN M. daughter of Warren Delano, Jr. aged 21 months.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

By the steamer Caledonia we have the latest European intelligence. The most important item of news is the loss of the Great Britain on the coast of Ireland. The passengers, 185 in number, and freight, were all saved.

Ireland is in a state of famine. Serious efforts were being made for the relief of the people. There have been some riots in consequence of the want of food.

The marriage of the Queen of Spain and her sister continue the subject of discussion among the European Courts.

Preparations are being made to continue the war in India.

General Items.

From the Tribune.

Later from Havana and Mexico.

PHILADELPHIA, October 26.

Santa Anna marching to Monterey—General Paredes—Com. Sloat and the Pacific Squadron.—The bark Elizabeth arrived at this port this morning from Havana, which place she left on the 10th instant. From her we learn that the British mail steamer had arrived at Havana with files of Vera Cruz papers to the 1st of October, and with Mexican files to the thirtieth of September. These papers state that Gen. Santa Anna had left the Capital, and was marching to Monterey with four thousand troops. In the latter part of September a decree was issued in the city of Mexico, which has reduced the duties on all imported goods fifty per cent. Also the laws prohibiting the importation of certain foreign articles were suspended. General Paredes has literally changed places with Santa Anna, having arrived at Havana as an exile, unattended. He is to embark in a steamer for Europe, that he may there recruit his wasted energies. Commodore Sloat, the late commander of the United States squadron in the Pacific, arrived at Havanna with five or six of his officers. He hoisted his penant on the brig Perry, then in port, and would sail for Charleston or Norfolk in a few days. At Monterey on the Pacific, he left the frigate Congress, under command of Commodore Stockton. When he left, all were well.

Indian Massacre.—The Van Buren (Arkansas) Intelligencer states that Col. A. M. Upshaw, the Chickasaw agent, recently sent a couple of Delaware Indians to the Witchetaw village to look after some horses which had been stolen from the neighbourhood of Fort Washita, and that when they arrived at the village they found the dead bodies of a large number of Witchetaws about their mud fort (which had been demolished) pierced with arrows. The writer thinks nearly all the tribe have been killed, and it is supposed the murderers are the Camanches or Pawnee Mahas.

We learn by a gentleman from the Seminole nation, says the Van Buren Intelligence, of the 3d instant, that Halleck, Tus-tee-nug-gee, Wild Cat, Octi-ar-chee, and several other Seminole chiefs, have purchased a lot of goods and gone out to trade with the prairie Indians, Camanches, and others.

The Seminoles have good crops, are quiet, and have been blessed with an unusually healthy season. The Creek nation, also, continues very healthy.

Indian Justice.—An Indian was recently found near the plantation of W. C. C. Martin, of Rapides, lying on his back. On examination, it was found that he had received four stabs in, or near the heart. No marks of a fight could be seen, and it appeared evident that the poor fellow had made a voluntary surrender of his life.

As the tale runs, says the Alexandria Democrat, the Indian killed formerly resided in Avoyelles At a ball-play there he killed one of his tribe, and was persuaded to fly from justice. He was pursued by a relative of the one killed, and traced to the spot where his body was found. When overtaken, it is said, he made no resistance, but with Roman fortitude bared his bosom to his unrelenting pursuer. When the assassin had finished his work, he mounted his pony, and rode away, with the *sang froid* of Murat, when returning from a victorious field.

A Hanging.—A correspondent of the Charleston News gives the following account of the execution of Hollaman, a convicted murderer, at Quincy, Florida:

The guard assembled at the jail about 11 o'clock, and in a short time the prisoner made his appearance, accompanied by the Sheriff and his deputy; he was dressed in his shroud, with a cigar in his mouth. He appeared cool and unconcerned, mounted the cart with alacrity, and nodded to a number of persons he knew. Sitting behind him, in the same cart, were two preachers. The Sheriff and his assistant were in a buggy in advance of the cart; the whole were surrounded by the guard, and in this way we moved on to the gallows, accompanied by about two thousand persons; Hollaman smoking his cigar all the way. In going to the gallows, it was necessary to pass close to the back part of the house which his family lived in; and while passing, his wife and children came out crying, but even this scene seemed to make no impression on him; he looked on them with perfect indifference. Arrived at the gallows he threw away his cigar, pulled off his hat, said his prayers, and directed the Sheriff how to tie his arms so as to prevent him from struggling. After all was arranged to his satisfaction, he made a short speech to the crowd, saying he was innocent, and had made peace with his God, &c. After he had concluded, the Sheriff asked him if he had anything more to say: he replied that he had not, but that he was ready. The rope which supported the platform on which he stood, was cut, and he was launched into eternity.

The French Transatlantic Steamers.—The Havre Courier of a recent date has a paragraph which is thus translated:

"We have announced that the Government has decided to establish a train of communication between France and the United States, and that it has chosen Cherbourg for the place of departure, and New-York for the place of arrival. To the two frigates, the Darien Ulloa, of the port of Cherbourg, destined for this service, will be added the *Christopher Columbus* and the *Canada* of the port of Brest. We know that the law of 1840 has declared that the line to New-York should be abandoned to a particular company on condition of a subsidy of 880 francs by one horse power. Four steamers of 450 horse power, like those which the Government is about putting on this line, would have given to the Company a subsidy of 1,584,000f.; the English supply is nearly double. It is true that the Cunard Company have a greater number of boats. However this may be, the Government has reserved the right, or at least the Chambers have enjoined the execution of the plan in the case that any Company does not present itself to accept the conditions. The law of 1840 declares that Cherbourg should be the point of departure for these packet-boats until the basins of the harbour of Havre should be able to receive them."

Abolitionism.—The underground railroad is at present in active operation, and we are not at all surprised at it, for there are hundreds of *free* negroes in our city at this present time who are here contrary to law; besides, there is what is termed a *Northern* African Church organized in this city, in which, we are credibly informed, a very violent abolition harangue was delivered a few evenings since. Owners of slaves must expect to suffer loss when an open *depot* of the fanatical Northern men is in exisrence in our very midst.—*St. Louis Reveille.*

Hon. *William Jay* has been invited by the Executive Committee of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society to deliver, in this city, a eulogy upon the life and character of the lamented Clarkson.

A Factory Conducted on Christian Principles.—This is the title of a long and interesting account in the Boston Traveller, of the worsted spinning establishment of the Messrs. Wood & Walker, in Bradford, England. This firm have reduced the hours of labour, provided for the comfort of their operatives, established a school on the premises, &c. &c. Though they do not seem to have made more than an approach to the improvements introduced by Robert Owen, at New Lanark, many years ago, we welcome with pleasure any such evidences of conscience on the part of factory owners.

Thanksgiving.—In New-York, Ohio, Maryland, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts, this festival will be held on Thursday, November 26th.

At a recent sale of paintings in England, two thousand eight hundred and seventy-five guineas were paid for a painting by Murillo, called the "Adoration of the Shepherds."—*Exchange paper.*

Murillo was a negro, or mulatto, and was, when a boy, a slave, but afterwards became one of the most celebrated painters that Spain ever produced.. If he were now alive, and in this good Christian country, he could not sit down with our perfumed dandies at a steamboat table, he would have to ride upon our railroads in a second rate car, and would be shown to the "nigger pew" if he ventured into a church. We hope none of those afflicted with colorphobia will so far forget themselves as to admire the paintings of Murillo, or read the writings of Alexander Dumas. The latter is as deeply tainted with the admixture of black blood as was the former.—*Western Citizen.*

WHAT SLAVEHOLDERS THINK OF SLAVERY.—Mr. Isaac E. Morse, of Louisiana, in a speech in Congress, January 11, 1845, said:

"He denied the principle which seemed to be assumed here as a thing conceded, namely, that Slavery is an evil. He insisted that it was NO EVIL; on the contrary *it was the greatest blessing which God Almighty could have ordained* for the protection and safe-keeping of a large mass of human beings, who were incapable of maintaining and preserving themselves."—*Appendix Cong. Globe, vol. 14, p. 32.*

This Mr. Morse, we regret to say,—who is a democratic member of the House of Representatives from Louisiana—was born and bred in New Jersey, where such a doctrine as he avows, is scouted with the contempt it deserves. He did well to exchange the skies of the free Jersey Blues, for those of slaveholding Louisiana.—*Newark Advertiser.*

NOTICES.

☞ THE LIBERTY BELL, 1847. ☜

Friends of the cause intending to write for it this year, are informed that the copy ought now to be in the printer's hands, to ensure its seasonable publication.

It is in contemplation to make the forthcoming number more beautiful and valuable than any former one, and to issue a larger edition.

Contributions of prose or poetry, of money, of paper, and of labour, are all most welcome. No writer, editor, or collector, has ever consented to be remunerated—as it is desirable that as much as possible of the expense attending the publication should be a gift to the cause, that the edition may be the larger, and the circulation and avails to the cause the greater.

The present number will contain a valuable engraving of FRANCIS JACKSON, which a friend of the cause who is an artist has generously volunteered to execute. This good and cheering example ought to be imitated.

Donations and contributions should be addressed to M. W. CHAPMAN.

E. D. HUDSON AGAIN IN THE FIELD.

The friends of the slave in the different localities are informed that our efficient friend and fellow-labourer, E. D. Hudson, proposes to hold meetings at the following places; and they are requested to make all necessary arrangements for the meetings, and extend to him their cordial and hearty co-operation and aid, particularly in procuring subscribers to the National Anti-Slavery Standard, which is at the present time, beyond a doubt, the most economical instrumentality in accelerating the day of emancipation.

Hillsdale, Columbia county, Wednesday,	November	4
Albany, Friday,	"	6
Amsterdam, Saturday,	"	7
Johnstown, Sunday and Monday,	"	8 & 9
St. Johnsville, Monday and Tuesday,	"	9 & 10
Oppenheim, Wednesday,	"	11
Little Falls, Thursday,	"	12
Herkimer, Friday,	"	13
Utica, Saturday,	"	14
Marcy, Sunday,	"	15
Rome, Monday,	"	16
Verona Centre, Tuesday,	"	17
Oneida Castle, Wednesday and Thursday,	"	18 & 19
Canastota, Friday,	"	20
Syracuse, Saturday and Sunday,	"	21 & 22

J. C. HATHAWAY, Gen. Ag't.

CIRCULAR—CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the "New-York State Society for the Abolition of the Death Penalty," was held on Wednesday, the 14th inst.

The Committee would respectfully recommend to the friends of the cause throughout the State:

1. That a public meeting for the discussion of the subject be held on Friday evening, the 20th of November next, in every city and town, and a society organized, where it is practicable.

2. That the subject be introduced for discussion into the various debating societies of our towns and villages.

3. That the editors of the different newspapers in the State be requested to open their columns to the discussion of the subject.

4. That petitions to the Legislature be prepared and sent in at as early a period of the session as possible.

5. That "Burleigh's Thoughts on the Death Penalty," and other kindred works, be extensively circulated.

6 That lectures on the subject be given at stated periods during the coming winter, and that the aid of clergymen and public speakers generally be invoked in this measure.

WYOMING COUNTY.

Meetings for William W. Brown, the eloquent fugitive slave, will be held, at

Bennington,	Thursday,	October	8
LIVINGSTON.			
Cuylerville,	Thursday,	"	29
Moscow,	Friday,	"	30
Genesee,	Saturday,	"	31

All of the above meetings commence at 7 o'clock, P. M. Friends of the slave in the different localities are requested to make early arrangements for the meetings, and to give extensive notice.

J. C. HATHAWAY,
Gen'l. Ag't. for New-York State

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

CHARLES LENOX REMOND and J. C. HATHAWAY will hold Anti-Slavery meetings as follows—

C. L. Remond will lecture in—
Syracuse, Wednesday, October 28, at half-past 6, p. m.
Lenox, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, Friday, October 30, at half-past 6, p. m.

Will the friends in these places make arrangements for the meetings.

AGENTS.

The agents of the American and Western Anti-Slavery Societies, now engaged in this field, beside our friends Foster, who are about to leave, are:

VALENTINE NICHOLSON,
JOEL P. DAVIS,
ASA PRATT,
EDWARD P. BASSETT,
HENRY H. HATCH,
LEANDER HATCH,
SAMUEL T. CREIGHTON.

The first three are agents of the American Society, and their present field of labour is Southwestern Ohio and Eastern Indiana—the last four are agents of the Western Society, and their field of operations for the present is Northern Ohio.

Samuel Brooks, General Agent of the Western Society, and also of the American for the West.

We have the pleasure also of announcing that the Rev. Ewd. C. Fuller, of Cuyahoga county, will enter the field as a lecturing agent the 1st of November.

We hope soon that the cause will have the benefit of the labours of Jere. B. Sanderson, of Lynn, Mass. also of two others of this State, who propose to engage ere long in the holy enterprise of preaching deliverance to the captive.

Chas. Ferrel is obtaining subscribers for the Bugle, and also lecturing with the approbation of the Western Society.—*Bugle.*

FREE PRODUCE ASSOCIATION.

The eighth annual meeting of the American Free Produce Association will be held in Philadelphia, on the 20th of 10th month, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

All persons interested in the principles of the Society are earnestly invited to attend.

ABRAHAM L. PENNOCK, *President.*
SARAH PUGH, *Secretary.*

NORFOLK COUNTY.

The meeting of the Norfolk County Anti-Slavery Society, will be held at Quincy, on the 4th and 5th of November.

BRISTOL COUNTY.

A great Anti-Slavery Convention is to take place at New Bedford, on the 14th and 15th of November, next, at which it is proposed to revive the old Bristol County Anti-Slavery Society.

CIRCULAR.

Again we invite the co-operation of the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware, in our preparations, already commenced, for the Fair of 1846. We trust that our friends in town and country, will immediately begin, if they have not already done so, to make arrangements for working circles, &c. and enlist as many warm hearts and efficient hands as can be found in their respective neighborhoods. Our next Fair is to be held in a much larger Hall, than we have heretofore occupied, and it is our intention that it shall be in every respect greatly superior to former ones. To accomplish this, we must, *each and all*, be more diligent, more active in invention and execution, than heretofore. The cause demands new efforts, and whose heart does not respond to the call? Let each of us commence this work with a determination that the Fair *shall* be what we wish to make it. Let no suggestion be lost, let no inventive thought be rejected, which can be profitably applied in any department of the labor. Much depends on the *variety* of the collection, and the skill and taste of all may here find ample room for profitable exercise. And the usual articles of needlework will be in demand, and a much larger supply than heretofore of the products of the garden, the dairy, and the farm. We wish to fill one table with specimens of Natural History in every variety, and another with pot flowers. Will the friends in the country prepare these for the occasion? Let all who have beautiful flowers of any kind, plant cuttings from them now, and, if properly trained, they will probably be ready for us in December next.

Your past experience and observation, dear friends, diminishes the necessity of suggestions from us. What we would most urgently press upon you is, that the work of preparation be commenced *immediately*, and continued diligently. We shall be glad to communicate with any circle or individual, who may wish for consultation with us respecting the Fair, and shall be happy to receive friendly suggestion from any quarter.

Sarah Pugh,	*Emma Parker,*
Theresa Hallowell,	*Gertrude K. Burleigh,*
Sarah L. Child,	*Hannah L. Stickney,*
Anna M. Hopper,	*Mary T. Stickney,*
Margaret Griscom,	*Emily Winslow,*
Sarah A. McKim,	*Maria Davis,*
Amy Matilda Cassey,	*Harriet D. Purvis,*
Paulina Wright,	*Sarah L. Purvis,*
Janette Jackson,	*Margaret Jones,*
Martha Carman,	*Mary Grew,*
E. Carman,	*Margaretta Forten,*
Clementine Green,	*Mary Shaw,*
Huldah Justice,	*Hester Reckless,*
Eliza J. Bias,	*Esther Hogeland,*
	Committee of Arrangements.

WESTERN NEW-YORK ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

At Rochester, on Christmas Week, 1846.

"Blessed ones! whom none on earth
Dare to wrench from home and hearth;
Ye whose hearts are sheltered well
By affection's holy spell,
Oh, forget not those, for whom
Life is naught but changeless gloom,
O'er whose days of cheerless sorrow,
Hope may paint no brighter morrow."

The time has passed by, to undertake to set forth the propriety and usefulness of Anti-Slavery Fairs, as an instrumentality in forwarding the cause in which we are engaged. Their efficacy and efficiency have been fully tried, and amply demonstrated. The benefits reflected upon those engaged in them, have been found to be, not among the least useful results. The sewing circle, the social meeting, the free exchange of thought, the awakening of interest, all tend to good.

It is found that we can only get good by doing good,—that we can only *truly* receive by giving, and that "to withhold more than is meet tendeth to poverty." We therefore, in behalf of the slave, make an appeal for aid to those who love Freedom, and hate Slavery,—who hold to Liberty and despise oppression,—with a confident assurance, that to those who appreciate the spirit and genius of the Anti-Slavery enterprise, the appeal will not be in vain.

OBJECTS OF THE FAIR.

The products of the Fair will be expended under the direction of the Board of Managers, in defraying the expenses of the Anti-Slavery agents, and in sustaining the National Anti-Slavery Standard. Any persons making contributions or donations, can have the amount expended in either specific manner which they may direct.

A commodious Hall will be procured, and the Fair opened on Christmas Eve, and continued until New Year's day. Addresses will be delivered through the week by the most eloquent friends of Freedom, who can be obtained. An Anti-Slavery Choir will be in attendance, to sing, in behalf of Liberty, songs appropriate to the cause and occasion.

In the name, then, of outraged humanity, imbruted and trampled upon,—in the name of prostrate manhood, scourged and bleeding,—in the name of God-like intellect, bedimmed and clouded,—in the name of anguished mothers, weeping and wailing,—in the name of little children, bound and fettered, sold and bartered, we ask every one to do something. The farmer can surely find something among his various productions to offer upon the altar, if his heart is in the work. All the productions of the dairy, poultry, and all the varieties of fruit, grain, and vegetables, will be needed. We ask the miller for his flour, the baker for aid in baking cake and crackers, and the mechanics for the products of their skill, in the shape of such neat, tasteful, and useful articles as their various handicrafts can furnish. The merchant for staple and fancy stuffs, such as we can work up into useful and attractive articles, for keepsakes, and friendly offerings, and while we are labouring, we remember that every stitch we take is a stitch in the shroud of Slavery, and that will make the labour light.

Don't let those who have nothing but money to give feel slighted, for that will not be refused, but will be more than doubled by the willing hand of industry.

Now, friends, we ask each and every one of you, by the regard you have for the happiness of your own hearthstones, by the religion which you profess, and the attributes of Him whom you worship, to become fellow-labourers with us in this holy cause.

Sarah R. Doty, Farmington.
Phebe Hathaway, "
Margaret Pryor, Waterloo.
Mary Ann McClintock,
Sarah E. Thayer, Poplar Ridge, Venis.
Sarah Jacobs, " "
Eliza M. Cooper, Williamson.
Sarah D. Fish, Sodus.
Sylvia Mead, Lockport.
Laura Murry, Darien.
Amy Post, Rochester.
Sarah A. Burtis, "
Abigail Bush, "
Elizabeth G. Curtis, "

FREE PRODUCE ASSOCIATION.

Although the meetings of this association have been for a time suspended, yet it is believed that the friends of the enslaved have not lost sight of the object for which it was organized. The persevering efforts of individuals in the West, and the associated action in some of the eastern commercial cities, with a view to multiply facilities for ensuring more adequate supplies of goods, &c. not contaminated by slave labour, or produced by oppression, it is believed clearly indicate the propriety of calling a meeting of the "Free Produce Association of the West."

The friends of the slave, and advocates of abstinence from the use of slave-grown produce, are respectfully called to meet in convention at Salem, Union county, Ia. on the 28th of 10th month (October) next.

WM. BEARD, President.

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

ASHES.		
Pot, first sort 1845.	.	a 3.87½
Pearl	.	a 4.50
CANDLES.		
Mould, tallow lb.	9	a 11
Sperm	25	a 27
Stearic do.		a
COAL.		
Liverpool, chaldron,	7.75	a .
Newcastle	6.25	a 7.00
Scotch	6.00	a 6.50
Sidney and Pictou	6.00	a 6.50
Anthracite, 2,000lbs.	5.00	a 6 00
COFFEE.		
Java, Gov't per lb.	9½	a 11
Sumatra	7½	a 7½
Porto Rico		a
Laguayra	7¾	a 8
Cuba		a
Brazil	6½	a 7¾
St. Domingo	6	a 6½
COTTON.		
New Orleans	6¾	a 9¾
Alabama	6¾	a 9¾
Florida	6¾	a 8¾
Upland	6	a 7¾
Upland, fair	7¾	a 8¾
Upland, good and fair	8¾	a 8¾
DOMESTICS.		
Shirtings, brown 3-4	4	a 5
do. do. 7-8	5½	a 6½
do. bleached	5	a 7
do. S. I. do.	7	a 11
Sheetings, brown 4-4	6½	a 8
do. do. 5-4	10	a 12
do. bleached 4-4	7	a 12
do. do. 5-4	12	a 15
Calicoes, blue	7	a 12
do. fancy	6	a 10
Plaids	9	a 11
Stripes, fast colors	8	a 10
Satinetts	26	a 60
Checks 4-4	8	a 12
Cotton yarn, 5 a 13	14	a 15
do. 14 a 19	18	a 20
do. 20 a 23	22	a 23
DRUGS & DYES.		
Alum, lb.	2½	a 2¾
Cochineal, Honduras,	1.45	a 1.50
Copperas	1	a 1¼
Gum Myrrh, E. Indies,	9	a 11
do. copal washed	31	a 40
do. Arabic Turkey,	25	a 35
Madder, Dutch	8	a 12
Oil of Anis	1.40	a 1.45
castor, gall.	57½	a .60
Tartaric acid, lb.	30	a 31
Verdigris	17	a 22
Vitriol, blue		a 7½
DYEWOODS.		
Brazilletto, ton	18.00	a 25.00
Camwood	62.50	a 65.00
Fustic, Cuba	30.00	a 31.00
do. Tampico	22.00	a 23.00
Logwood, Cpy.	22.00	a 25.00
FEATHERS.		
Live, foreign lb.	12	a 25
do. American	28	a 32
FISH.		
Dry cod, cwt.	2.50	a 2.80
Dry scale	1.50	a 1.56¼
Pickled, bbl.	3.25	a 3.37½
do. salmon,	13.50	a 14.00
Smoked do. lb.	.9	a .10
Mackerel, 1, bbl.	9.75	a 10.00
do. No. 2	9.00	a 9.50
do. No. 3	4.87½	a 0.00
Shad, Ct. hf. bbl.	4.37½	a 4.50
Bucksp't. bbl.	.	a .
Mass. do.	.	a .
Herring, pickled	3.25	a 3.25
do. scale, per box,	25	a .30
do. No. 1		a .
do. No. 2		a .
FLAX.		
Russia, lb.	9	a 11
American	7	a 7½
FLOUR & MEAL.		
Genesee per bbl.	.	a 5.62½
Troy	.	a 5.62½
Michigan	5.56¼	a 5.62½
Ohio, round and flat	4.76	a 4.81¼
Pennsylvania	4.81¼	a
Brandywine	5.75	a .
Georgetown	5.62½	a .
Baltimore c. mills	4.00	a 4.81¼
Richmond c. mills	5.75	a
do. country	5.50	a 5.62½
Alexandria	5.50	a 5.62½
Fredericksburg	4.00	a 4.
Petersburg	4.00	a 4.
Rye flour	4.00	a 4.25
Indian meal	4.00	a 4.25
do. per hhd.	17.00	a 18.00
GRAIN.		
Wheat, Western and N. York, per bushel,	1.00	a 1.15
do. Southern new	1.00	a .
Rye northern	78	a .80
Corn north'n & Jersey	75	a .77
Southern (weight)	—	a .—
Barley, Western,		a .
Oats, northern	38	a .39
do. southern		a .
do. New-Jersey		
Beans, tce.	6.12	a 7.62½
HEMP.		
Russia, clean, ton	205.00	a 210.00
outshot	.00	a .00
Manilla	138.00	a 142.00
American, dew rot	80.00	a 97.50
do. water rot	120.00	a 170.50
HIDES.		
B. A. & Rio Grande, lb.	11½	a 11¾
California	4	a 10
Orinoco	11	a 11½
Mexican	10½	a 10¾
S. American horse, piece		a
Calcutta, dry	65	a .75
HOPS.		
First sort 1844, lb.	12½	a 15½
HORNS.		
Ox, hundred	7.00	a 8.00
Cow	2.00	a 3.00

IRON.		
Pig, Eng. & Sc. ton	35.00	a 37.50
do. American	32.50	a 35.00
Bar do. rolled	87.50	a 90.00
do. Russia P, S, I,	102.50	a 105.00
do. do. N. Sable	—.00	a —.50
do. Swedes	90.00	a 92.50
do. Eng. com.	77.50	a 80.00
do. do. refined	87.50	a 90.00
Sheet E. & Am. lb.	6	a 6½
Hoop do. do. cwt.	5.50	a 6.50
LEAD.		
Pig, 100 lbs.	3.56	a 3.75
Bar, lb.	4½	a 4¾
Sheet	4¾	a 5
LEATHER.		
Oak lb. (sole)	16	a 20
Hemlock, light	12	a 13½
do. middle	12	a 13½
do. heavy	11½	a 12½
do. damaged	9½	a 11
LUMBER.		
Boards, N. R. M. ft.	30.00	a 35.00
do. east pine	11.00	a 13.00
do. Albany, piece	10	a .18
Plank Ga. pine, M. ft.	27.00	a 30.00
Scantling pine	14.00	a 15.00
do. oak	30.00	a 35.00
Timber oak, cu. ft.	.22	a .33
do. Ga. yel. pine	20	a .22
Shingles, cy. M.	17.00	a 18.00
Staves w. o. pipe M.	50.00	a 52.00
do. do. hhd.	40.00	a 42.00
do. do. bbl.	30.00	a 32.00
do. r. oak hhd.	28.00	a 30.00
Heading, w. o.	40.00	a 45.00
Hoops	25.00	a 30.00
MOLASSES.		
New-Orleans, gall.	30	a 31
Porto Rico	25	a 30
St. Croix	29	a 31
Trinidad, Cuba, Muscova	24	a .26
Martinique & Guadal.	—	a
Havana & Matanzas	15	a 19
Neuvitas	27	a 29
NAILS.		
Cut, 4d a 40d per lb.	4	a 4½
(3d 1 cent and 2d 2 cents more.)		
Wrought, 6d a 20d	10	a 12½
Horseshoe, No. 7 a 9	18	a 20
NAVAL STORES.		
Tar, bbl.	1.62½	a 1.87½
Pitch	1.00	a 1.25
Rosin, N. C. & W.	50	a 60
Turp. Wil'ton soft	3.50	a 4.00
do. N. C. soft	2.50	a 3.00
Spirits turp'tine gal.	38	a
OILS.		
Olive, in casks, gall.	85	a 88
Linseed, American	—	a 57
Whale refined	50	a 55
Sperm, crude	83	a 84
do. winter	95	a 96
Lard oil,	58	a 60
PROVISIONS.		
Beef mess bbl.	7.25	a 8.00
do. prime	6.50	a .00
Pork, mess new.	10.75	a ?
do. prime old	9.50	a .
do. cargo		a
Hog's lard	6	a 7½
Butter, West dairy	12	a 14
do. Orange county	15	a 16
do. common	9	a 10
Cheese, Am. lb.	6	a 8
Hams smoked	5	a 8
RICE.		
Ordinary, 100 lbs.	3.25	a 3.37½
Good to prime,	3.50	a 4.00
SALT.		
Turks Island, bushel,	28	a 30
Bonaire	28	a 30
Curacoa		a
Ivica		
Cadiz		a
St. Kitts		a
Lisbon		a
Liverpool, gr'd, blk.		a
do. do. sack	1.05	a 0.07½
do. do. fine	1.45	a 1.50
SOAP.		
New-York, brown lb.	3½	a 5½
Castile	8½	a 8¾
STEEL.		
German lb.	10½	a 13
English, hoop L.	13	a 13½
Trieste, in boxe	6½	a 7
American	5	a
Spring	5¾	a 6
SUGARS.		
St. Croix, lb.	8	a 9½
New-Orleans	7½	a 8
Cuba, Muscovado	7½	a 7¾
Porto Rico	7¾	a 8¾
Havana, white	9	a 9½
do. brown	7	a 8¾
Cuba, white	8½	a 9
do. brown	7½	a 8½
Brazil, white	9	a 10
Manilla, brown	6½	a 7
Loaf	11	a
Crushed	11	a
TALLOW.		
Foreign, lb.		
American	6½	
TEAS.		
Imperial, lb.	45	a 90
Gunpowder	45	a .90
Hyson	40	a .88
Young Hyson	35	a .87
Hyson skin	22	a 55
Souchong, Powch'g, &c.	15	a 75
Bohea		a
TIN.		
Block, South Am. lb.		a
do. East India	15½	a 16
In plates ¼ box	9.00	a 9.25
WOOL.		
Am. Sax'y. fleece, lb.	32	a 34
do. merino	27	a 28
Pulled, superfine	25	a 26
No. 1	25	a 26
No. 2	20	a 22

NOTICE TO COLORED TRAVELLERS.

J. P. COBURN informs his friends and acquaintances that he can accommodate them with board and lodging on reasonable terms. His house is situated on the corner of

Southac & Butolph Streets, Boston,

and is one of the most commodious and pleasant situations in the west part of the city, and he will spare no pains to make their situation comfortable, as he has everything convenient for that purpose.

October 8, 1846.—3m

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE LITTLE GRAVE.

It was a little, lonely grave,
A place where shadows fell,
And night-winds wandered wearily
With sad and moaning swell;
Yet there they brought, one starless eve,
A little child to dwell!

A child! Great God! and was it, then,
A child that *Thou* hadst given?
With throbbing pulse, and bounding feet,
Just on its way from Heaven?
Still lisping broken melodies
From angel harp-strings riven?

A little child, with eyes of light,
A happy, playful thing,
With mimic grief and joyfulness,
A bird upon the wing,
A violet full of dewy tears,
Yet laughing in the Spring!

Yes, one of these; and still how sad
That no one came to weep,
And they who broke the heavy sod,
All heedless of its sleep,
Threw down the small, uncoffin'd form,
Whispering, "How safe and deep!"

Oh! why was this? Alas! they said
The infant spirit smiled
From brow and cheek of dusky hue,
Though quick its glance and mild,
As if it fairer *might have been*,—
It was a negro child!

And surely, 'twas for none of these,
None, none of these that HE
Who came to soothe life's troubled waves,
Like the waves of Galilee,
Had suffered; *not for these was said*
"Oh! let them come to me!"

And therefore it was well it died—
Save that its chains would fall
Upon another, doomed to wear
Such colour for a pall,
'Neath which the very thought of Heaven,
Hope, trust were shrouded all!

The angels saw another sight,
Of *living men* in graves,
Who shook their fetters in the light,
They too were dusky slaves!
But, oh! their stain was dark and deep,
Outlasting death's cold waves!

About them played the free, wild breeze,
They smiled upon their chains,
And on the links that bound their souls
Counted their cursed gains;
They dared not look upon the skies
Where only silence reigns!

Just Heaven! I'd sooner be a slave,
Crouched to the very ground,
With iron bands on neck and limb,
Than be in spirit bound,
To wear a galling, burning chain,
That gives no clanking sound!

L. B. M.

AN EMIGRANT'S BLESSING.

BY DR. MACKAY.

Farewell England!—blessings on thee,
Stern and niggard as thou art;
Harshly, mother, thou hast used me,
And my bread thou hast refused me,
But 'tis agony to part.
'T will pass over; for I would not
Bear again what I could tell—
Half the ills that I have suffer'd
Though I loved thee twice as well.
So—my blessings on thee, England,
And a long and last farewell.

Other regions will provide me
Independence for my age;
Recompense for hard exertion—
For my children the reversion
Of a goodly heritage.
England—*this* thou couldst not give me;
England, pamperer of squires—
Landlord ridden, pride encumbered,
Quencher of the poor man's fires;—
But, farewell!—my blessings on thee,
Thou art country of my sires.

Though I love, I'm glad to fly thee;
Who would live in hopeless toil—
Evil-steeped, and ill-exampled,
Pressed and jostled, crushed and trampled,
Interloper on the soil—
If there were one other country
Where an honest man might go:
Winning corn-fields from the forest—
All his own, too—blow by blow?
Farewell, England—I regret thee,
But my tears refuse to flow.

Haply o'er the Southern ocean
I shall do my part to rear
A new nation, Saxon-blooded,
Which with plenty crowned and studded,
To its happy children dear,
Shall eclipse thy fame, Oh, England!
Taught and warned alike by thee;—
Mightier with unshackled commerce,
Mightier in her men more free,
Mightier in her virgin honours,
And her just equality.

But, farewell!—my blessings on thee!
Never, till my latest day,
Shall my memory cease to ponder
On thy fate, where'er I wander;—
Never shall I cease to pray
That thy poor may yet be happy;
That thy rich their pride may quell;
That thou may'st in peaceful progress
All thy misery dispel.
Queen of nations—once their model—
God be with thee! Fare-thee-well!

From the London Inquirer.

THE PRESS.

Written for the occasion of the opening of the Barker Steam Press—By John Bowring, LL.D. M.P.

Thoughts flit and flutter through the mind,
As o'er the waves the shifting wind;
Trackless and traceless is their flight,
As falling stars of yesternight,
Or the old tide-marks on the shore
Which other tides have rippled o'er.

Yet ART, by genius train'd and taught,
Arrests,—records the fleeting thought,
Stamps on the minute or the hour
A lasting, an eternal power,
And to mind's passing shadows gives
An influence that forever lives.

But mightiest of the mighty means
On which the arm of progress leans,
Man's noblest mission to advance,
His woes assuage, his weal enhance,
His rights enforce, his wrongs redress,—
MIGHTIEST OF MIGHTY IS THE PRESS.

Miscellany.

From the Columbian Magazine for October.

ROSENGLORY.

BY L. M. CHILD.

A stranger among strange faces, she drinketh the wormwood of dependence;
She is marked as a child of want; and the world hateth poverty;
She is cared for by none upon earth, and her God seemeth to forsake her.
Then cometh, in fair show the promise and the feint of affection;
And her heart, long unused to kindness, remembereth her brother, and loveth;
And the traitor hath wronged her trust, and mocked and flung her from him;
And men point at her and laugh, and women hate her as an outcast;
But elsewhere, far other judgment may set her among the martyrs.
[PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Oh, moralists, who treat of happiness and self-respect in every sphere of life, go into the squalid depths of deepest ignorance, the uttermost abyss of man's neglect, and say can any hopeful plant spring up in air so foul that it extinguishes the soul's bright torch as soon as it is kindled? O, ye Pharisees of the nineteen hundredth year of Christian knowledge, who soundingly appeal to human nature see that it be human first. Take heed that during your slumber, and the sleep of generations, it has not been transformed into the nature of beasts.—DICKENS.

Jerry Gray and his sister Susan were the children of a drunken father, and of a poor woman, who saved them from starvation by picking up rags in the street, and washing them for the paper-makers. In youth, she had been a rustic belle, observable for her neat and tasteful attire. But she was a weak, yielding character, and sickness, poverty, and toil, gradually broke down the little energy with which nature had endowed her. "What's the use of patching up my old rags?" she used to say to herself; "there's nobody now to mind how I look." But she had a kindly, affectionate heart, and love for her children preserved her from intemperance, and sustained her in toiling for their daily bread.

The delight she took in curling her daughter's glossy brown ringlets was the only remaining indication of early coquettish taste. Though often dirty and ragged herself, Susan was clean and tidy. She was, in fact, an extremely lovely child; and as she toddled through the streets, holding by her mother's skirts, Napoleon himself could not have been more proud of popular homage to his little King of Rome, than was the poor ragged woman of the smiles and kisses bestowed on her pretty one. Her large, chestnut-coloured eyes had been saddened in their expression by the sorrows and privations of her mother, when the same life-blood stained them both; but they were very beautiful; and their long dark fringes rested on cheeks as richly coloured as a peach fully ripened in the sunshine. Like her mother, she had a very moderate share of intellect, and an extensive love of pretty things. It was a gleam in their souls of that intense love of the beautiful, which makes poets and artists of higher names, under more favourable circumstances.

A washerwoman who lived in the next room planted a Morning-Glory seed in a broken tea-pot; and it bore its first blossom the day Susan was three years old. The sight of it filled her with passionate joy. She danced and clapped her hands; she returned to it again and again, and remained a long time stooping down, and looking into the very heart of the flower. When it closed, she called out, impatiently, "Wake up! wake up, pretty posy!" When it shrivelled more she cried aloud, and refused to be comforted. As successive blossoms opened day by day, her friendship for the vine increased, and the conversations she held with it were sometimes quite poetic, in her small way.

One day, when her mother was looking up rags, from the dirty gutters of the street, with the little ones trudging behind her, a gentleman passed with a large boquet in his hand. Susan's eyes brightened as she exclaimed, "O, mammy, look at the pretty posies!" The gentleman smiled upon her, and said, "Would you like one, my little girl?" She eagerly held out her hand, and he gave her a flower, saying, "There's a rose for you." "Thank the good gentleman," said her mother. But she was too much occupied to attend to politeness. Her head was full of the pet Morning-Glory, the first blossoms she had ever looked upon; and she ran to her mother, shouting joyfully, "See my Rosenglory!"—The gentleman laughed, patted her silky curls, and said, "You are a little Rosenglory yourself; and I wish you were mine." Jerry, who was older by two years, was quite charmed by the word. "Rosenglory!" repeated he; "what a funny name! Mammy, the gentleman called our Susy a Rosenglory."

From that day, it became a favourite word in the wretched little household. It sounded there with mournful beauty, like the few golden rays, which at sunset, fell aslant the dingy walls, and the broken crockery. When the weary mother had washed her basket of rags, she would bring water for Susan's hands, and a wooden comb to smooth her hair, and gazing fondly in that infant face, the only vision of beauty in a life otherwise dark and dreary, she would say, "Now kiss your poor mammy, my little Rosenglory." Even the miserable father, when his senses were not stupified with drink, would take the pretty little one on his knee, twine her shiny ringlets round his coarse fingers, and sigh deeply as he said, "Ah, how many rich men would be proud to have my little Rosenglory for his own." But it was her brother Jerry, who idolized her most of all. He could not go to sleep on his little bunch of straw, unless her curly head was nestled on his bosom. They trudged the street together, hand in hand, and if charity offered them an apple or a slice of bread, the best half was always reserved for her. A proud boy was he, when he received an old tatterdemalion rocking-horse from the son of a gentleman, for whom his father was sawing wood. "Now Rosenglory shall ride," said he; and when he placed her on the horse, and watched her swinging back and forth, his merry shouts of laughter indicated infinite satisfaction. But these pleasant scenes occurred but seldom. More frequently, they came home late and tired, everybody was hungry and cross, and they were glad to steal away in silence to their little bed. When the father was noisy in his intoxication, the poor boy guarded his darling with the thoughtfulness of mature years. He patiently warded off the random blows, or received them himself; and if harm accidentally came to her, it was affecting to see his tearful eyes, and hear his grieved whisper, "Mammy! he struck Rosenglory.

Poor child! her young life was opening in dark and narrow places; though, like the vine in the broken tea-pot, she caught now and then a transient gleam of sunshine. It would be well if men could spare time from the din of theological dispute, and the drowsiness of devotional routine, to reflect whether such ought to be the portion of any of God's little ones, in this broad and beautiful earth, which He created for the good of all.

Many a hungry day, and many a night of pinching cold, this brother and sister went struggling through their blighted youth, till the younger was eight years old. At that period, the father died of delirium tremens, and the mother fell into a consumption, brought on by constant hardship and unvarying gloom. The family was removed to the almshouse, and found it an improvement in their condition. The coarse food was as good as that to which they had been accustomed—there was more air, and a wider scope for the eye to range in. Blessed with youthful impressibility to the bright and joyous. Jerry and Susan took more notice of the clear and silvery moon, and the host of bright stars, than they did of the deformity, paleness, and sad looks around them. The angels watch over childhood, and keep it from understanding the evils that surround it, or of retaining the gloom which is its shadow. The poor weak mother was daily wasting away, but they only felt that her tones were more tender, her endearments more fond. One night, when they were going to-bed, she held them by the hand longer than usual. The rough hireling nurse felt the eloquence of her sad countenance, and had not the heart to hurry them away.

No one knew what deep thought, what agony of anxious love, was in the soul of the dying one; but she gazed earnestly and tearfully into their young eyes, and said, with a troubled voice, "My children, *try* to be good." She kissed them fervently, and spoke no more. The next day, the nurse told them their mother was dead. They saw her body laid in a white pine coffin, and carried away in a cart to the burying ground of the poor; where it was piled upon a hundred other nameless coffins, in a big hole dug in the sandy hill-side. She was not missed from the jostling crowd; but the orphans wept bitterly, for she was all the world to them.

In a few days, strangers came to examine them, with a view to take them into service. Jerry was bound to a sea-captain, and Susan to a grocer's wife, who wanted her to wait upon her children. She was indeed bound; for Mrs. Andrews was entirely forgetful that anything like freedom or enjoyment might be necessary or useful to servants. All day long she lugged the heavy baby, and often sat up late at night, to pacify its fretfulness, as she best could, while her master and mistress were at balls, or the Bowery. While the babe was sleeping, she was required to scour knives, or scrub the pavement. No one talked to her except to say, "Susy, do this;" or "Susy, why did n't you do as I bade you?"

Now and then she had a visit from Jerry, when his master was in port. He was always very affectionate, and longed for the time when he should be a man, and able to have his sister live with him. But after a few years, he came no more; and as neither of them could write, they had no means of communication.

When Susan grew older, and there were no more babes to tend, she was mostly confined to the cellar kitchen, from which she looked out upon stone steps and a black wall. Her mistress had decided objections to her forming acquaintances in the neighbourhood, and for several years the young girl scarcely held communion with any human being, except the old cook. Even her beauty made her less a favourite; for when company came in, it was by no means agreeable to Mrs. Andrews to observe that the servant attracted more attention than her own daughter. Her husband spent very little of his time at home, and when there, was usually asleep. But one member of the family was soon conscious of a growing interest in the orphan. Master Robert a year older than herself, had been a petulant, over-indulged boy, and was now a selfish, pleasure-seeking lad. In juvenile days, he had been in the habit of ordering the little servant to wash his dog, and of scolding at her, if she did not black his shoes to his liking. But as human nature developed within him, his manners towards her gradually softened; for he began to notice that she was a very handsome girl. Having obtained from his sister a promise not to reveal that he had said anything, he represented that Susy ought to have better clothes, and be allowed to go to meeting sometimes. He said he was sure the neighbours thought she was very meanly clad, and he had heard that their servants made remarks about it. He was not mistaken in supposing that his mother would be influenced by such arguments. She had never thought of the alms-house child in any other light than as a machine for her convenience; but if the neighbours talked about her meanness, it was certainly necessary to enlarge Susy's privileges. In answer to her curious inquiries, her daughter repeated that Mrs. Jones's girl had said so and so, and that Mrs. Smith, at the next door, had made similar remarks to Mrs. Dickson. Whether this gossip was, or was not, invented by Robert, it had the effect he desired. Susan, now nearly sixteen years of age, obtained a better dress than she had ever before possessed, and was occasionally allowed to go to meeting on Sunday afternoon. As Mrs. Andrews belonged to a very genteel church, she could not, of course, take a servant girl with her. But the cook went to a Methodist meeting, where "the poor had the Gospel preached to them, and there a seat was hired for Susan also.

Master Robert suddenly became devotional, and was often seen at the same meeting. He had no deliberately bad intentions; but he was thoughtless by nature, and selfish by education. He found pleasant excitement in watching his increasing power over the young girl's feelings; and sometimes, when he queried himself whether he was doing right to gain her affections, and what would come of it all, he had floating visions that he might possibly educate Susan, and make her his wife. These very vague ideas he impressed so definitely on the mind of the old cook, aided by occasional presents, that she promised to tell no tales. Week after week, the lovers sat together in the same pew, and sang from the same hymn-book. Then came meetings after the family had retired to rest, to which secresy gave an additional charm. The concealment was the only thing that troubled Susan with a consciousness of wrong; and he easily persuaded her that this was a duty, in order to screen him from blame. "Was it his fault that he loved her?" he asked; "He was sure he could not help it." She, on her part, could not help loving him deeply and fervently. He was very handsome, and she delighted in his beauty, as naturally as she had done in the flower, when her heart leaped up and called it a Rosenglory. Since her brother went away, there was no other human bosom on which she could rest her weary head; no other lips spoke lovingly to her, no other eye-beams sent warmth into her soul. If the gay, the prosperous, and the flattered find it pleasant to be loved, how much more so must it be to one whose life from infancy had been so darkened? Society reflects its own pollution on feelings which nature made beautiful, and does cruel injustice to youthful hearts by the grossest of interpretations. Thus it fared with poor Susan. Late one summer's night, she and Robert were sitting by the open windows of the breakfast-room. All was still in the streets; the light of the moon shone mildly on them, and hushed their souls into quiet happiness. The thoughtless head of sixteen rested on the impressible heart of seventeen, and thus they fell asleep.

Mrs. Andrews had occasion for some camphor, in the course of the night, and it chanced to be in the closet of that room. When she entered in search of it, she started back as if she had heard the report of a pistol. No suspicion of the existing state of things had ever crossed her mind; and now, that she discovered it, it never occurred to her that she, herself was much to blame. Her own example, and incidental remarks not intended as education, but which, in fact, were so, had taught her son that the world was made for him to get as much pleasure in as possible, without reference to the good of others. She had cautioned him against the liability of being cheated in money matters—and had instructed him how to make the cheapest bargains, in the purchase of clothing or amusement— but against the most inevitable and most insidious temptations of this life, he had received no warning. The sermons he had heard, were about publicans and pharisees, who lived eighteen hundred years ago; none of them met the wants of his own heart, or revealed the rational laws of the senses. As for Susan, the little fishes, floated along by the tide, were not more ignorant of hydrostatics, than she was of the hidden dangers and social regulations, in the midst of which she lived. Robert's love had bloomed in her dreary, monotonous life, like the Morning-Glory in the dark, dismal court; and she welcomed it, and gazed into it, and rejoiced in it, much after the same fashion.

All these thoughts were, however, foreign to the mind of Mrs. Andrews. She judged the young couple as if they had the experience of forty years, and were encased in her own hard crust of worldly wisdom. The dilemma would have been a trying one, even for a sensible and judicious mother; and the management of it required candour and delicacy altogether beyond her shallow understanding and artificial views. She wakened them from their dream with a storm of indignation. Her exaggerated statements were in no degree adapted to the real measure of wrong-doing, and therefore, instead of producing humility and sorrow, they roused resentment against what was felt to be an unjust accusation. The poor, heedless, neglected child of poverty, was treated as if she were already hardened in depravity. No names were too base to be bestowed upon her. As the angry mistress drove her to her garret, the concluding words were—"You ungrateful, good-for-nothing hussy, that I took out of the almshouse from charity! You vile creature, you, thus to reward all my kindness by trying to seduce and ruin my only son!"

This was reversing matters strangely. Susan was sorely tempted to ask for what kindness she was expected to be grateful; but she did not. She was ashamed of having practised concealment, as every generous nature is; but this feeling of self-reproach was overpowered by a consciousness that she did not deserve the epithets bestowed upon her, and she timidly said so. "Hold your tongue," replied Mrs. Andrews. "Leave my house to-morrow morning, and never let me see you again. I always expected you'd come to some bad end, since that fool of a painter came here, and asked to take your likeness, sweeping the side-walk. This comes of setting people up above their condition."

After talking the matter over with her husband, Mrs. Andrews concluded to remain silent about Robert's adventure, to send him forthwith into the country, to his uncle, the minister, and recommend Susan to one of her friends, who needed a servant, and had no sons to be endangered. At parting, she said, "I shall take away the cloak I gave you last winter. The time for which you were bound to me is n't up by two years; and the allowance Mr. Jenkins makes to me is n't enough to pay for my disappointment in loosing your services just when you are beginning to be useful, after all the trouble and expense I have had with you. He has agreed to pay you every month enough to get decent clothing: and that's more than you deserve. You ought to be thankful to me for all the care I have taken of you, and for concealing your bad character; but I've done expecting any such thing as gratitude in this world." The poor girl wept, but she said nothing. She did not know what to say.

No fault was found with the orphan in the family of Mr. Jenkins, the alderman. His wife said she was capable and industrious; and he himself took a decided fancy to her. He praised her cooking, he praised the neatness with which she arranged the table, and after a few days, he began to praise her glossy hair and glowing cheeks. All this was very pleasant to the human nature of the young girl. She thought it was very kind and fatherly, and took it all in good part. She made her best courtesy when he presented her with a handsome calico gown; and she began to think she had fallen into the hands of real friends. But when he chucked her under the chin, and said such a pretty girl ought to dress well, she blushed, and was confused by the expression of his countenance, though she was too ignorant of the world to understand his meaning. But his demonstrations soon became too open to admit of mistake, and ended with offers of money. She heard him with surprise and distress. To sell herself without her affections, had never been suggested to her by nature, and as yet she was but little acquainted with the refinements of high civilization, to acquire familiarity with such an idea. Deeming it best to fly from persecutions which she could not avoid, she told Mrs. Jenkins that she found the work very hard, and would like to go to another place as soon as possible. "If you go before your month is up, I shall pay you no wages," replied the lady; "but you may go if you choose." In vain the poor girl represented her extreme need of a pair of shoes. The lady was vexed at heart, for she secretly suspected the cause of her departure; and though she could not in justice blame the girl, and was willing enough that she should go, she had a mind to punish her. But when Susan, to defend herself, hinted that she had good reasons for wishing to leave, she immediately brought a storm on her head, at once. "You vain, impertinent creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins, "Because my husband gave you a new gown for shame of the old duds you brought from Mrs. Andrews, do you presume to insinuate that his motives were not honourable? And he a gentleman of high respectability, an alderman of the city! Leave my house; the sooner the better; but don't expect a cent of wages."

Unfortunately, a purse lay on the work-table, near which Susan was standing. She had no idea of stealing; but she thought to herself, "Surely I have a right to a pair of shoes for my three weeks of hard labour." She carried off the purse, and went into the service of a neighbour who had expressed a wish to hire. That very evening she was arrested, and was soon after tried, and sentenced to Blackwell's Island. A very bold and bad woman was sentenced at the same time, and they went in company. From her polluting conversation and manners poor Susan received a new series of lessons in that strange course of education, which a Christian community had from the beginning bestowed upon her. Her residence on the Island rapidly increased her stock of evil knowledge. But she had no natural tendencies to vice; and though her ideas of right and wrong were inevitably confused by the social whirlpool into which she was borne, she still wished to lead a decent and industrious life. When released from confinement, she tried to procure a situation at service; but she had no references to give, except Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. Jenkins. When she called a second time, she unfortunately met the cold reply, "I hear you have been on Blackwell's Island. I never employ people who have lost their character." From the last of these attempts she was walking away hungry and disconsolate, doubtful where to obtain shelter for the night, when she met the magistrate who had sentenced her and the other woman; he spoke to her kindly, gave her a quarter of a dollar, and asked her to call upon him that evening. At parting, he promised to be a friend to her, if she behaved herself, and then murmured something in a lower tone of voice. What were his ideas of behaving herself were doubtless implied by the whisper; for the girl listened with such a smile as was never seen on her innocent face before he sent her to improve her education on the Island. It is true, she knew very little, and thought still less, about the machinery of laws, and regulations for social protection; but it puzzled her poor head, as it does many a wiser one, why men should be magistrates when they practice the same things for which they send women to Blackwell's Island. She had never read or heard anything about "Women's Rights;" otherwise, it might have occurred to her that it was because men make all the laws, and elected all the magistrates.

The possible effect of magisterial advice and protection is unknown; for she did not accept his invitation to call that evening. As she walked away from the tempter, thinking sadly of Robert Andrews and her dear brother Jerry, she happened to meet the young man who had gained her first youthful love, unmixed with thoughts of evil. With many tears, she told him her adventures since they had parted. The account kindled his indignation, and excited his sympathy to a painful degree. Had he lived in a true and rational state of society, the impulse then given to his better feelings might have eventually raised his nature to noble usefulness and a manly frankness. But as it was, he fell back upon deception and false pride. He hired apartments for Susan, and wheedled his mother out of means of paying for them. Those who deem the poor girl unpardonable for consenting to this arrangement, would learn mercy under similar circumstances of poverty, scorn, and utter loneliness.

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Ten years passed since Jerry last parted with his blooming sister, then fourteen years old. He had been shipwrecked twice, and returned from sea in total blindness, caused by mismanagement of the small-pox. He gained a few coppers by playing a clarionet in the street, led by a little ragged boy.—Everywhere he inquired for his sister, but no one could give him any tidings of her. One day, two women stopped to listen, and one of them put a shilling into the boy's hand. "Why, Susy, what possessed you to give so much to hear that old cracked pipe?" said one. "He looks a little like some one I knew when I was a child," replied the other; and they passed on. The voices were without inflexions, rough and animal in tone, indicating that the speakers led a merely sensual existence. The musician did not recognize either of them; but the name of Susy went through his heart like a sun-beam through November clouds; then she said he looked like somebody she had known! He inquired of the boy if the woman called Susy was handsome. He replied, "No. She is lean and pale; her cheek-bones stand out, and her great staring dark eyes look crazy." The blind man hesitated a moment, and then said, "Let us walk quick, and follow them." They did so, but lost sight of the women at the turning of a dirty alley. For six weeks the blind piper kept watch in the neighbourhood, obviously a very bad one. In many houses he inquired if any of them knew a woman by the name of Susan Gray; but he always received an answer in the negative. At last an old woman said that a girl named Susan Andrews boarded with her for a while; that she was very feeble, and lived in a street near by. He followed the directions she gave, and stopped before the house to play. People came to the door and windows, and in a few moments the boy pressed his hand and said, "There is the woman you want to find." He stopped abruptly, and exclaimed,—"Susy!" There was an anxious tenderness in his tone, which the bystanders heard with loud laughter They shouted, "Susy, you are called for! Here's a beau for you!" and many a ribald jest went round. But she, in a sadder voice than usual, said "My poor fellow, what do you want of me?" "Did you give me a shilling a few weeks ago?" he asked.—"Yes, I did; but surely, that was no great thing." "Had you ever a brother named Jerry?" he inquired. "Oh, Heaven! tell me if you know anything of *him!*" she exclaimed. He fell into her arms, sobbing, "My sister! my poor sister!" The laughter hushed instantly, and many eyes were filled with tears. There were human hearts there also; and they felt at once that the poor piper was Susy's long-lost brother, and that he had come to her blind.

For an instant, she clasped him convulsively to her heart. Then thrusting him away with a sudden movement, she said, "Do n't touch me, Jerry! do n't touch me?" Not one of the vicious idlers smiled. Some went away weeping, others with affectionate solicitude offered refreshments to the poor blind wanderer. Alas, he would almost have wished for blindness, could he have seen the haggard spectre that stood before him, and faintly recognized, in her wild, melancholy eyes, his own beloved little Rosenglory.

From that hour, he devoted himself to her with the most assiduous attention. He felt that her steps trembled when she leaned on his arm, he observed that her breath came with difficulty, and he knew that she spoke truly when she said she had not long to live. A woman who visited the house told him of a charitable institution in Tenth Avenue, called The Home, where the women who have been prisoners, and sincerely wish to reform, can find shelter and employment. He went and besought that his sister might be allowed to come there and die.

There, in a well-ventilated room, on a clean and comfortable bed, the weary pilgrim at last reposed in the midst of true friends. "Oh, if I'd only met with such when my poor mother first died, how different it might all have been," she was wont to say. The blind brother kissed her forehead, and said, "Do n't grieve for that now, dear. It was not your fault that you had no friends."

One day a kind, sympathizing lady gave him a bunch of flowers for his sister. Hitherto an undefined feeling of delicacy had restrained him when he thought of using the pet word of their childhood. But thinking it might perhaps please her, he stepped into the room, and said, cheerfully, "Here, Rosenglory! See what I have brought you!" It was too much for the poor nervous sufferer. "Oh, do n't call me that!" she said; and she threw herself on his neck, sobbing violently. He tried to soothe her; and after a while, she said in a subdued voice: "I am bewildered when I think about myself. They tell me that I am a great sinner; and so I am. But I never injured any human being; I never hated any one. Only once, when Robert married that rich woman, and told me to keep out of his way, and get my living as others in my situation did—then for a little while, I hated him; but it was not long. Dear Jerry, I did not mean to be wicked; I never wanted to be wicked. But it seemed to be no place in the world for me. They all wronged me; and my heart dried up. I was like a whithered leaf, and the wind blew me about just as it happened." He pressed her hand to his lips, and hot tears fell upon it. "Oh, bless you, for your love!" she said. "Poor outcast as I am, you do not think that I have sinned beyond forgiveness. Do you?" Fervently he embraced her, and answered, "I too, have sinned; but God only knows the secret history of our neglected youth, our wrongs, sufferings, and temptations; and say what they will, I am sure He will not judge us so harshly as men have done."

He knelt down by the bed-side in silent prayer, and with her hand clasped in his, they both fell asleep. He dreamed that angels stood by the pillow and smiled with sad pitying love on the dying one. It was the last night he watched with her. The next day, her weary spirit passed away from this world of sin and suffering. The blind piper was all alone.

As he sat holding the emaciated hand, longing once more to see that dear face, before the earth covered it forever, a visitor came in to look at the corpse. She meant to be kind and sympathizing; but she did not understand the workings of the human heart. To the wounded spirit of the mourner, she seemed to speak with too much condescension of the possibility of forgiveness, even to so great a sinner. He rose to leave the room, and answered meekly, "She was a good child. But the paths of her life were dark and tangled, and she lost her way."

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

SLAVES IN ANCIENT TIMES.

It is difficult for a modern to conceive the number of slaves that existed in the most populous Greek and Italian cities in former times. The city of Corinth, the most commercial and opulent of Greece, possessed within her walls forty-six myriads, or four hundred and sixty thousand. When Demetrius Phalereus took a census of the population of Athens, free, servile, and foreigners, there were found twenty-one thousand citizens, ten thousand domiciled foreigners, and no less than four hundred thousand slaves. Nicias had one thousand slaves, whom he hired to work in the silver mines of Thrace, at an obulous, or 1-2d. a day. Æginatæ, a trading people, possessing many ships, but a very small territorial limit, possessed, according to Aristotle, four hundred and seventy thousand. Some of the citizens of Dardanus possessed more than one thousand slaves. Many Roman families had ten thousand, or twenty thousand, or even more, and these were kept and maintained by them not always for gain, but sometimes for mere show and attendance. Smindyridas, a native of Sybaris, a town celebrated for its voluptuousness and accomplished luxury, took along with him, when he went to his marriage, one thousand slaves, as ministrants to him, some of them cooks, some poulterers, some fishers, &c. An immense number of slaves were maintained by the free inhabitants of Sicily; they frequently mutinied against their masters, and threw the whole island into bloodshed and confusion; upwards of one hundred myriads are calculated to have there perished in these dreadful conflicts of emancipation. The servile war in Italy was equally destructive.

At one time, one hundred and twenty thousand slaves were marching upon Rome, who were headed and directed by one Spartacus, a Thracian slave, who avenged the injured rights of nature upon his enslavers, and made the supremacy of Rome herself to totter under the force of his infuriated attacks. At the close of the servile war, no less than six thousand slaves were hanged up, all the way from Rome to Capua. In Attica, the slaves wrought at the mines with their feet shackled. The ancient Greeks were not served in their houses by bought slaves, the younger served the elder. The city of Ephesus was founded by one thousand slaves who ran away from Samos. It is said that Julius Cæsar crossed into Britain with but three slaves officiating as servants, and it is a strange coincidence that his body was carried home by three servants from the Senate house, where he was murdered. Cato was wont to ride from Rome to the country, in the most simple manner, with but one slave, sometimes no attendant at all—riding generally, with his valise under him for a saddle, somewhat in the style of a modern decent Antiburgher minister.

"INWARD SIGHT."

We cut the following from a notice of the Autobiography of Dr. Zschokke in Chambers's Journal, and which was republished in a number of Littell's Living Age some months since:

We must not conclude our notice of this most interesting of autobiographies without affording an account of a remarkable faculty Zschokke possesses, and which he calls his "inward sight." "I am," he remarks, "almost afraid to speak of this, not because I am afraid to be thought superstitious, but that I may thereby strengthen such feelings in others. And yet it may be an addition to our stock of soul-experiences, and therefore I will confess! It has happened to me sometimes on my first meeting with strangers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some particular scene in that life, has passed quite involuntarily, and as it were dream-like, yet perfectly distinct, before me. During this time I usually feel so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger life, that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown, wherein I undesignedly read, nor distinctly hear the voices of the speakers, which before served in some measure as a commentary to the text of their features. For a long time I held such visions as delusions of the fancy, and the more so as they showed me even the dress and motions of the actors, rooms, furniture, and other accessories. By way of jest, I once, in a familiar family circle at Kirchberg, related the secret history of a sempstress who had just left the room and the house. I had never seen her before in my life; people were astonished, and laughed, but were not to be persuaded that I did not previously know the relations of which I spoke; for what I had uttered was the *literal* truth: I, on my part, was no less astonished that my dream-pictures were confirmed by the reality. I became more attentive to the subject, and, when propriety admitted it, I would relate to those whose life thus passed before me the subject of my vision, that I might thereby obtain confirmation or refutation of it. It was invariably ratified, not without consternation on their part.* I myself had less confidence than any one in this mental jugglery. So often as I revealed my visionary gifts to any new person, I regularly expected to hear the answer—'It was not so.' I felt a secret shudder when my auditors replied that it was true, or when their astonishment betrayed my accuracy before they spoke. Instead of many, I will mention one example, which pre-eminently astounded me. One fair day, in the city of Waldshut, I entered an inn, (the Vine,) in company with two young student-foresters; we were tired with rambling through the woods. We supped with a numerous society at the *table-d'hôte*, where the guests were making very merry with the peculiarities and eccentricities of the Swiss, with Mesmer's magnetism, Lavater's physiognomy, &c. &c. One of my companions, whose national pride was wounded by their mockery, begged me to make some reply, particularly to a handsome young man who sat opposite us, and who had allowed himself extraordinary license. This man's former life was at that moment presented to my mind. I turned to him, and asked whether he would answer me candidly, if I related to him some of the most secret passages of his life, I knowing as little of him personally as he did of me? That would be going a little further, I thought, than Lavater did with his physiognomy. He promised, if I were correct in my information, to admit it frankly. I then related what my vision had shown me, and the whole company were made acquainted with the private history of the young merchant: his school years, his youthful errours, and lastly, with a fault committed in reference to the strong box of his principal. I described to him the uninhabited room, with whitened walls, where, to the right of the brown door, on a table, stood a black money-box, &c. &c. A dead silence prevailed during the whole narration, which I alone occasionally interrupted, by inquiring whether I spoke the truth. The startled young man confirmed every particular, and even, what I had scarcely expected, the last mentioned. Touched by his candour, I shook hands with him over the table, and said no more. He asked my name, which I gave him, and we remained together talking till past midnight. He is probably still living!"

Any explanation of this phenomenon, by means of the known laws of the human mind, would, in the present confined state of our knowledge, assuredly fail. We therefore simply give the extraordinary fact as we find it, in the words of the narrator, leaving the puzzle to be speculated on by our readers. Zschokke adds, that he had met with others who possessed a similar power.

* "'What demon inspires you? Must I again believe in possession?' exclaimed the *spirituel* Johann von Riga, when, in the first hour of our acquaintance, I related his past life to him, with the avowed object of learning whether or no I deceived myself. We speculated long on the enigma, but even his penetration could not solve it."

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PAPERS.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.—This summer the banks of the Cam exhibit an unusual multitude of singular phenomena, cases of spontaneous ignition and combustion in growing willows. About a week ago, at a point of the river not far from Granchester, the process was observed to be rapidly going on. It was really astonishing to look upon a fine willow, in the full vigour of robust vegetable health, pouring forth clouds of smoke from its half-burned stem, and doomed speedily to expire—itself its own funeral pile. The tree is now prostrate—its very foliage charred—a vegetable ruin—as if stripped, shattered, blasted, and half-consumed by the electric fluid.—*Cambridge Advertiser.*

CHANGES IN PURSUITS AND CONDITIONS IN LIFE.—The old proverb, "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam,*" does not hold good in all cases. Herschel, the great astronomer, was a fiddler; Stephenson, the projector of railways, employed in a coal mine; James Watt, a watchmaker; Macadam, a linen-draper; the Master of the Rolls, Langdale, a physician; and Lough, the sculptor, a plough-boy. The present Attorney General commenced life in the navy; Mr. O. Anderton, Q. C. and Mr. Watson, Q. C. were in the army; Sir Richard Birnie, late chief magistrate at Bow street, was a journeyman saddler; as also were the present Lord Chief Baron's father, and Alderman Sir Peter Laurie, who was once, as we have heard, brought up to a police office for joining a "strike." Alderman Sir John Pirie was a common porter; Alderman Sir Chapman Marshall, a shopman; Nelson's friend, Lady Hamilton, a nursery-maid; the Countess of Blessington, an Irish peasant girl; and the Baroness Fencheres, who died lately, leaving a million of money, about which so much litigation has taken place, was born in a workhouse. Franklin was a journeyman printer; Faraday, laboratory servant to Sir Humphrey Davy; Arkwright, a barber; Sir Edward Sugden's father was also a barber; Bernadotte, King of Sweden, was a common soldier; Theodore, King of Corsica, died in the King's Bench prison; Marshal Lefebre, the Duke of Dantzic, rose from the ranks, and his nephew is now, or was lately, an assistant fishmonger in Hungerford market, London. Coleridge was once a private in the dragoons; Charles Lamb, a clerk in the India House; the great Lord Clive, a writer in the Company's service; and Winsor, the projector of gas, kept a lodging-house of no very reputable character.

A BAD WATCH.—The Duchess of Sutherland, who has lately been called to the office of Mistress of the robes to the Queen of England, occupied this position some years since, and a singular anecdote, not generally known, is attached to her leaving it. Queen Victoria possesses in the highest degree, the eminently national quality of exactness, or rather punctuality, as the English call it, and she makes a great point of finding this quality in the persons who are about her. All the Court were assembled one day to assist in some official ceremony. The Duchess of Sutherland, whose place was near the Queen, alone was absent at the time, and her absence retarded the departure. A quarter of an hour passed, during which, several times, some signs of great impatience escaped her Majesty. At last, at the moment when the Queen, tired of the warfare, was about to enter her carriage, without the first lady of honour, the Duchess of Sutherland made her appearance out of breath, and stammered out timidly some excuse. The Queen contented herself with replying to her, "My dear Duchess, I think you must have a bad watch," at the same time, the Queen unhooking the chain of the magnificent watch which she wore herself, passed it about the neck of Lady Sutherland. Though given as a rich present, the lesson, nevertheless, made a lively and deep impression. The proud Duchess turned pale and blushed, in turn, and at the same time a tear, which she in vain attempted to prevent, was seen suspended at the long eyelashes. The next morning she sent in her resignation, which was not accepted.

THE ORIGINAL SECEDERS *vs.* SLAVERY.—We have much pleasure in recording the findings of the above respectable ecclesiastical body relative to the much-agitated Slavery question. Formerly we gave the decision of the Secession, Relief, and Irish Presbyterians, and now we have before us resolutions, respectful and dignified, as well as in accordance with the genius of the Gospel, from another Presbyterian body. Such resolutions we trust will not be lost on the Church, whose proceedings, in connection with Slavery have caused so great excitement. We are happy to state, that that excitement nothing abates; and there can be no doubt but such resolutions will greatly strengthen the hands of the excellent men in the Free Church who are contending so manfully for putting away the "accursed thing."—*Glasgow Examiner.*

SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.—On Tuesday evening, Mr. Frederick Douglass, a fugitive slave from the United States of America, delivered a lecture in the Baptist chapel, North Shields, on the effects of Slavery in that country, and the doings of the Free Church of Scotland therewith. His statements created a strong feeling amongst a very numerous and respectful auditory, who responded loud and long to the cry of "Give back the money."—Upon the motion of R. W. Haggie, Esq. of Willington, a cordial vote of sympathy was unanimously voted to Mr. Douglass and his three millions of suffering brethren in America. On Monday a similar meeting was held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, which was numerously attended. "Mr. Douglass," says the *Gateshead Observer*, "is a portly, pleasant-looking man, the son of a slaveholder, by a slave, and a fugitive from 'the land of bondage.' In delivering his lecture, he made no use of notes, and yet spoke with great ease and fluency, and in good English."—*Nonconformist.*

Dickens's "Pickwick papers," and Mrs. Trollope's "Widow Barnaby," have been translated into Russian, in a periodical publication called *Biblioteka dlya Tteheniya*. In the same *Biblioteka* have appeared translations of several of Shakspeare's plays, said to be very creditably executed, and of some others of the principal works of our literature.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economize his time.—*Hale.*

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